



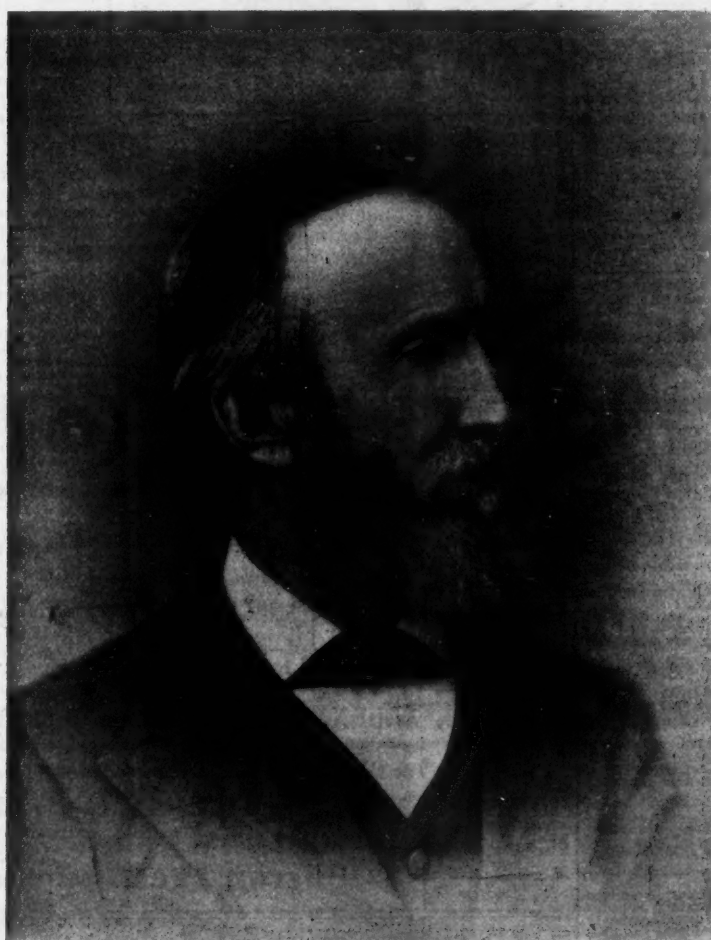
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REV. RICHARD CORDLEY, D.D.

Born in Nottingham, Eng., Sept., 1829; died in Lawrence, Kan., July 12, 1904.

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THE CONGREGATIONALIST

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23 July 1904

and Christian World

Volume LXXXIX
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Event and Comment

RICHARD CORDLEY is one of the names that will be writ large on the annals of modern Congregationalism.

Our Portrait

He threw himself with the ardor of his young manhood into the early struggles of Kansas in behalf of freedom and righteousness and for nearly fifty years through tumults and hardships he held up the banner of free, vital, intelligent and effective Christianity. He was a builder of the middle West, a true founder of the kingdom of God there. Elsewhere in this paper tributes from those who have known him long will give our readers generally some idea of his caliber and influence. It is good that the stormy earlier years glided at last into a serene old age and that he knew while yet among us how much he was loved and honored.

WE have recently heard of a physician who gave a patient this advice: "Exercise more easily. Do not walk so fast. Learn the gentle art of strolling!" The word proved almost a revelation of the difference between straining one's muscles and nerves to the utmost in a rapid walk and a quiet, leisurely stroll. The word is a good text to be remembered and practiced in the summer vacation, if at no other time. Do not put all your energy, physical and mental, into your play, as at home you do into your work. Do not be afraid of becoming lazy. You are an American—the habit of hurry will assert itself again. If you are off for a rest—rest. STROLL!

THE Unitarian meetings held at the Isles of Shoals last week were largely attended and of uncommon interest. The plan of devoting mornings to history and evenings to literature proved highly satisfactory. The morning addresses dealt with successive stages in the development of American Unitarianism. One of the noteworthy papers was that of Prof. F. A. Christie of Meadville Theological School, whose scholarly treatment of the historic separation between the Orthodox and Unitarian bodies was temperate and judicial and showed how loath the Unitarians were at the start to form a separate denomination. Rev. George Batchelor of the *Christian Register* and Rev. George H. Badger gave luminous accounts of more recent accomplishments in organization and missionary enterprise. The Young People's Religious Union and the Woman's Alliance each enjoyed a day devoted to their especial interests. Each day began with a service of worship in the

The Unitarians at
Their Summer Meeting

quaint stone meeting house, which is the pride of the islands, and ended with a service of prayer in the same place. To these evening services the worshipers made their way over the rocks, carrying candles which yielded the only light for the little edifice. The spirit of the meetings has been one of good fellowship and hearty devotion. Each day was marked by strong addresses and earnest prayers. There was little tendency to criticize other sects; but only a desire for a closer Christian fellowship between all Christians.

MARK TWAIN hit it when he said, "The art of preaching is to influence you." If volition does not follow information imparted, if there is no conscious experimentation after the sermon is heard in the realm of truth to which it has led the hearer, then the preacher has not accomplished that whereunto he was called. But the fault is not always his—that must be kept clear in mind. He may will that his people should will, and he may state his truth in a way that ought to move their wills; but they and not he must choose to act.

Effective Preaching

A CHURCH in Muskegon, Mich., has recently assumed an unusual responsibility. Mr. Charles H. Hackley, a wealthy citizen, is erecting a hospital which will cost with its furnishings about a quarter of a million dollars. In looking about for disinterested and trustworthy people to have the institution in charge, the donor requested the Congregational church to choose the trustees and to have permanent control of the affairs of the hospital. The church has therefore had the responsibility of erecting the building and to them goes the privilege of conducting this charity in all the future. It will be interesting to Congregationalists to watch how this favored church discharges its unique trust.

A Church to Direct a Hospital

MORE reasons can be given why missionaries are not always welcome to home congregations than those which have been mentioned in letters recently printed in *The Congregationalist*. The trouble is just as likely to be found in the audience as in the speaker. A missionary from a foreign land told a Boston congregation with tearful utterances about some children who were being rescued out of heathenism, and her hearers, mostly elderly women, listened sympathetically. They could understand what it meant to teach

Why Foreign
Missionaries
Are Not Interesting

the gospel to a child. Another missionary followed with a paper on Knowledge of Eastern Nations. It fell flat, at any rate so far as he could see. The audience apparently didn't know enough about eastern nations to make connection with his theme. Returning to his field he published his paper, which found prompt response from native readers. Those excellent Christians whose pastors have never taught them of mission problems and opportunities usually want stories of the personal work of missionaries who have led this and that person to Christ, and beyond that narrow range quickly get out of their mental depth. If there were more audiences trained to see and love the largest gospel in its widest applications, missionary speakers would find more encouragement in treating mission work comprehensively. Pastors should get their people ready to hear practical discussions of missionary problems. It is not their whole duty to invite missionaries into their pulpits.

It is interesting to note in the unsolicited manuscripts which come to this office, the tendency to write on topics which deal with the delinquencies of the church. Thoughtful persons are trying to account for a recognized lack in the ministrations of the church as these typical subjects show: Questions the Church Must Answer, Why Do Male Members Diminish? A Criticism from the Pew, Objections to Entering the Ministry, The Preacher's Message. These and similar titles show a desire to give if possible the reason for any loss of influence of the church in recent years. The answer is not always found in these articles, but they are suggestive and show that people are not as indifferent to the church as they are sometimes thought to be.

REV. S. HALL YOUNG, in the *Missionary Review*, says that in Alaska during 1879 he met an old Hoonah chief who calmly admitted sacrificing his slaves to the spirit of the glacier in order to prevent it from swallowing the salmon stream at whose foot he had pitched his camp. Four years later that same man was received into the church at Juneau and his grandson has become an efficient missionary helper. The heathen Eskimos about Cape Nome were so indescribably filthy that their presence could be detected at a half mile's distance, if they were to windward. Seeing them, one miner said to the other, "Jim, look there; do you think them things has souls?" "Well," replied Jim, "I suppose so, though they

Work in the
Far North

XUM

don't look it, and if they have they will have to go to heaven, sure, for the devil wouldn't have them around." Today, however, almost every young man and woman can read and write and talk the English language and has made considerable progress toward civilization. At times this work seems less difficult than the mission to the miners for many of the latter appear to leave God behind when they pack their outfit for the Klondike. A pathetically large number of college men are simply hangers-on and *habitués* of saloons and gambling halls. Yet on the other hand, many miners have been much interested in the mission work and as one old "forty-niner" testified in prayer meeting, "Partners, this is the first time I've ever struck it real rich."

THE increased cost of living is as serious a problem in Asia as in America, and one which directly concerns our missionary boards. It is impossible for a native preacher to live on a salary which would have been sufficient ten years ago and retain the respect of his neighbors. Four solutions are suggested by Sec. Arthur J. Brown, D. D., of the Presbyterian Board, writing in the *Missionary Review of the World*: to stop all expansion of work and use any increase of money to raise the salaries of native preachers; to diminish the number of workers; to expect workers to partly support themselves; or to insist that native churches assume a larger proportion of their own expenses. The first three suggestions the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions considers unwise, but hopes by following the policy suggested in the last to continue the expansion and add to the effectiveness of the work.

THE sessions of the first General Conference of the Methodist (distinguished from the Wesleyan Methodist) Church of Australasia were held in Melbourne early in June. This Methodist body includes 716 ministers, 128 home missionaries, 87,279 members and 199,610 scholars. The most important matter considered was that of church membership, in regard to which resolutions were carried which defined "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and the manifestation of the Christian life by attendance at the Lord's Supper and other means of grace" as the essential qualification. Provision for the registration of members after personal examination by the minister and approval by the leaders' meeting followed. It was provided also that the class meeting should be continued and members "urged for the promotion of their own spiritual life to attend the same." For Congregationalists this change in the ground of membership is significant. The ground of membership in the Methodist Church of Australasia is now practically the same as that of Congregational churches. Conversion is the essential thing for membership—not, as before, attendance upon the class meeting. The jealousy about admitting laymen to full power with the ministry which has so long characterized official Methodism was shown in the shelving of a motion for ad-

mitting laymen to the pastoral sessions of conference. A resolution affirming the desirability of union between the Methodist and the Presbyterian churches was enthusiastically affirmed, and steps taken to keep open negotiations. As yet this is little more than the expression of "a pious opinion." The union, if it should ever be accomplished, may require years of negotiation.

WHEN warfare broke out last week between the great meat packing houses in Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Joseph, Mo., and other Western centers and their employees, people generally, remembering how they shivered during the coal famine of a year and a half ago, began to fear a quick and large increase in the cost of living unless they should become for the time being vegetarians. Nearly 50,000 men quit work at the start, and in Chicago a thousand girls as promptly left their tasks at the command of the labor unions. Then came the importation of non-union workers, their protection by the police, sundry interviews between the representatives of the contending parties, rumors of sympathetic strike on the part of teamsters and others, several outbreaks of violence culminating Sunday in the maiming of four Negro strike breakers. In different parts of the country some sellers of meat took advantage of the prospective scarcity to put up their price before it seemed necessary so to do. Slaughtering of animals was resumed at points in the East, and some of the *abattoirs* ran at high pressure all day Sunday.

THE fundamental difference is one of wages. The strikers claim that they are contending practically against a decrease, while the packers say that an unwarrantable demand is made for an advance of wages given for unskilled labor. The leader of the meat cutters' union, Pres. Michael Donnelly, declares that the strikers can hold out a year if necessary. It remains to be seen whether he has the steadiness and breadth of John Mitchell and will be equal to the responsibility of a protracted encounter with capital. He and the other officials of the union have warned their men against resort to force. The packers, on the other hand, seem to be well entrenched, and claim that they are rapidly filling vacancies. They are ready to arbitrate all the questions at issue and to take back workers as fast as there may be need of them, but the union refuses to arbitrate unless all the men are reinstated. The employers, therefore, have a stronger case before the eyes of the public than did President Baer and his associates at the time of the coal strike, who from the start insisted that there was nothing to arbitrate.

CERTAIN intimations are made that the packers were not averse to the strike as it might indirectly jeopardize President Roosevelt's re-election, inasmuch as the party in power always suffers because of extended industrial disturbances. The President's ef-

forts to restrain the meat trust and the investigation which for months the newly constituted Department of Commerce has been making are distasteful to these vested interests. If the strike should continue and involve kindred branches of labor the situation might prove so serious that the President would feel justified in interfering, as in the case of the coal strike. At all events, whether or not there is any political animus in the present situation, the dire possibilities involved in it will make people generally more anxious for governmental action that will curb the power of either capital or labor because of its own selfish interests, to put an unnecessary burden upon the people.

WHILE candidates Parker and Roosevelt are busy preparing their letters of acceptance, editors and politicians are forecasting the results next November, and the various forces are lining up for a hard campaign. The week has brought several statements from Mr. Bryan revealing his purpose to support the Democratic ticket on the ground that its platform on the main issues is satisfactory to him, though he does not seem to have been as yet transformed into an ardent admirer of Judge Parker. The latter gives evidence not only of possessing a desire for harmony in the ranks but of capacity, through trusty lieutenants like Mr. Sheehan, to pour oil upon troubled waters where there has been fierce internecine strife, as among the factions of Illinois. That he will command a far more united following than Mr. Bryan had in the last two campaigns, as well as the support of influential papers which then bolted the ticket, becomes more apparent. The only Democratic journal of prominence which has come out against him and espoused the Roosevelt ticket is the *Chicago Chronicle*, which has always been allied with the moneyed interest of that city. One or two Michigan Democratic papers and a labor organ in the West have also declared themselves against Mr. Parker.

THE chairman of the Democratic campaign committee has not yet been named, but Mr. Cortelyou, the head of the Republican organization, is giving himself industriously to his great task, and not only in doubtful states, but throughout the country the Republican propaganda will be strenuously pushed. Pending explicit utterances from the candidates, independents of the type of Henry Loomis Nelson, the well-known correspondent, are refraining from committing themselves to either party. Meanwhile, administration organs like the *New York Tribune*, taking tactical advantage of the St. Louis platform on the money question, are trying to make it appear that the Democratic party as a whole is as unsound as it was in the last two campaigns. There does not, however, seem to be much effective campaign material in this utterance, in view of Judge Parker's telegram and the votes at St. Louis, and we expect to see other issues and lines of cleavage between the parties at the front during the campaign.

The Pinch in the Foreign Field

Methodism in Australasia

What It Is All About

The Early Days of the Campaign

Preparing Party Capital

The Bearings of the Strike on Politics

A BUSINESS movement working through politics which is of much more than local interest is the agreement or petition for reciprocity with Canada and Newfoundland fathered by the Boston Chamber of Commerce and already signed by more than 15,000 Republicans. It approves the re-election of the President, quotes Blaine and McKinley in favor of reciprocal trade relations which, especially with Canada and Newfoundland, it declares of vital importance to the commercial welfare of the United States, and especially that of Massachusetts. It expressly states that such reciprocity is not to be confined to non-competitive products. It includes a promise to attend the caucuses and urges voters not to nominate any person for the legislature or Congress who refuses to commit himself clearly in favor of such reciprocal trade relations. The movement has grown slowly and been long in declaring itself. It includes a great number of the leading business men of Massachusetts. Such a movement, if persisted in, must in the long run either affect the policy of the Republican party, or else the party allegiance of men who feel that wider trade relations are vital to their business interests.

THE President's record as an advocate of a pure and, so far as possible, non-partisan civil service is a part of his claim on independent citizens. His appointment therefore of William M. Bryne, formerly of Delaware but for a few months a resident of New York, to the position of assistant United States attorney in New York will trouble a good many of his admirers. This is the Mr. Bryne who consented to run for Congress in opposition to the regular Republican candidate in order to allow his employer, Addicks, to ruin where he could not rule. The plan succeeded and a Democrat was elected. This is the Mr. Bryne whom President McKinley nominated to a Federal office in Delaware and whom the Senate, with its large Republican majority, and its numerous state bosses refused to confirm. Has Mr. Bryne repented? or has the President? What was the dire political necessity which forced former Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt to make so suspicious an appointment? What debt had the President of the United States incurred that could only be settled at this cost? The appointment holds, for Mr. Bryne will not have to pass the gauntlet of senatorial confirmation. We have not been wont to think the Senate a body of high ideals in regard to office holding. Does the President wish us to believe that his practice is on even a lower level?

MAYOR JONES of Toledo, who died on July 11, first won fame by posting the Golden Rule in his factory and trying to live up to it by personal consideration, profit-sharing and provision for the comfort and enjoyment of his employees. He was nominated for mayor to terminate a dispute in the Republican Convention to which he was a delegate, and carried the Golden Rule as his motto into city politics. His successful and

wide-reaching municipal reforms lost him a renomination by his party, but he became an Independent candidate and was re-elected by a great majority. An attempt to carry his campaign into state politics as an Independent candidate for governor of Ohio failed, but he was re-elected for a third and fourth term as mayor of Toledo—the last time against the open opposition of both parties—and died in office. He was a man of the highest courage and retained the confidence of the best class of citizens in his application of the principles of justice, as he understood them, to civic life. He condemned competition in business and was, indeed, essentially a Socialist in his theories. His terms for the existing social order were "unfair, dishonest, unscientific and, of course, un-Christian." Prof. Graham Taylor of Chicago Commons said of him: "Mayor Jones was a great, big, brotherly-hearted man of the common people, whose loss will be keenly felt. His intellectual capacity, his self-control and his ideals made him a unique and picturesque figure in American life, and he was absolutely sincere."

A BULLETIN of the Census Bureau just published shows that in 1900 the Negroes of the United States numbered about nine and a quarter millions. Nine-tenths of them are in the South and there is nothing to show that they are likely to become a less important factor in the labor supply of that section in the future. In the North the Negro is for the most part a city resident, as in the South he lives in the country. The largest center of Negro population is Washington. After this in order of numbers come Baltimore, New Orleans, Philadelphia and New York. Next to farming, teaching is the most common occupation of American Negroes, closely followed by the carpenter's and barber's trades, and, at some distance, by the profession of preaching. But the proportion of ministers to population is greater than among whites. The Negro population has nearly doubled in the forty years since the war between the states began, but it is not increasing so rapidly as the white population.

IT is a strange irony of fate which sent Paul Kruger, lion-hunter and war-leader of the stern farmers of Dutch South Africa, to die in the little lakeside Swiss town of Clarens, a resort for invalids and the scene of Rousseau's sentimental story of La Nouvelle Héloïse. The ex-president of the Transvaal was born in one of the northern towns of Cape Colony, of German ancestry. While he was a boy the Great Trek of the Boer farmers to the north began. After ten years his father joined the movement, going to Natal. Paul was trained to shoot, to herd cattle and read the Bible. As a boy he saved the life of his sister by a hand to claw fight with a leopard, in which his only weapon was a knife, and he grew up to be a famous shot and hunter. He became a field cornet at eighteen and thenceforth took an important part in the wars of his people with the natives and in their negotiations with the English. Mr. Kruger was an intense patriot,

one of the shrewdest of diplomats, perfectly unpretending in his love of the simple life of his people. His visit to England and the Continent made no change in his manners and opinions, and his tenacity was shown both in his preparation for and his conduct of the war with the English. He was defeated in his dream of a Dutch nation in Africa in part by the discoveries of diamonds and gold, in part by his reliance upon immigrant Hollanders whom he admitted to high places of authority, but chiefly by his own inability to take broad and statesmanlike views of the situation. He began his presidency a poor man, in ten years he had by shrewd investments gathered a fortune of millions. Even in exile he was cheered by popularity on the Continent and sustained by an unwavering faith that the Dutch of South Africa were God's peculiar people, whose cause must prosper in the end.

THE week has brought many rumors from the scene of war in Manchuria, but few well authenticated facts. The story of a Japanese attack upon Port Arthur with enormous losses by mines is categorically denied by the Japanese. There was no fighting on that day about Port Arthur, they assert. So far as the situation can be described, the Russians seem to be defending the railway, with their backs to the plain country and the Chinese border, and the Japanese armies are slowly perfecting their line of attack in the mountains to the eastward. As yet the Russian army covers New Chuang as well as Mukden. A determined attack by two divisions of the Russian army on Japanese posts in the Motien Pass looks like an attempt to force back the Japanese right wing and make the Russian line of retreat secure. Its defeat may mean that the Japanese generals have a strong force ready to strike toward Mukden, perhaps with the hope of cutting the Russian forces off from their base of supply. The Russian ships have been active outside the harbor of Port Arthur, and it is reported that the cruiser Novik has escaped and joined the Vladivostok fleet.

RUSSIA has shown renewed activity in the West by sending three vessels of her Black Sea fleet through the Dardanelles. One of them passed under the Red Cross flag, another was called to account by the Turkish fort and showed no guns, but remounted them after reaching free waters to the south. The third, a gunboat, made no change in her armament and her passing has roused protests from Japan to England and from England to Turkey. Foreign Minister Lord Lansdowne has expressly declared that England would object to the abrogation of the clause in the Treaty of Berlin forbidding the passing of war ships out of the Black Sea and the incident carries possibilities of international dispute. But the Russian interpretation of the right of search forms a more threatening problem. One of these Black Sea cruisers stopped a German steamer, the Prinz Heinrich, in the Red Sea and took from her all the mail addressed to Japan. The German indigna-

tion is great, but Russia asserts the right to search and seize mail directed to an enemy. Other vessels have been stopped and searched and it is reported that the British P. and O. steamer Malacca has been seized. The order of the British Mediterranean fleet from Malta to Alexandria and the dispatch of two swift cruisers to the Red Sea indicate that the British Government is ready to act if diplomatic measures fail. Reports of harvest failure in Russia, of Armenian revolutionary plots and the assassination of an obnoxious governor in the Trans-Caucasia and of arbitrary arrests in Finland, suggest the difficulties and dangers of the Russian internal situation whatever the final outcome of the war.

ENGLISH distrust of Germany has thrown a damper upon rejoicing that the two countries have at last secured a treaty of arbitration in regard to all questions of a legal nature and the interpretation of treaties. The coincidence of the proclamation of this treaty with the King Edward's visit to Kiel was probably a matter of social éclat, the credit belongs to the British foreign minister, Lord Lansdowne, and to the German Chancellor. As British treaties of this nature with Italy, France and Spain already exist, this new agreement must be regarded as a step of progress rather than the initiation of a new policy. In regard to the matters covered by the treaty it would be a pity if some routine plan of administering international law could not be discovered by nations which claim to be leaders of civilization. These arbitrators will have a large influence as makers of precedents and builders by slow degrees through a body of decisions of the common law of nations.

The Will of the People

The two historic parties of the country and four of the minor aggregations of citizens having nominated their candidates for President and Vice-president and having formulated their platforms, fifteen million voters of the country between this and Nov. 8 must determine what principles they will indorse and what men they will select on that eventful day.

With our monetary standard fixed by definite legislation and in harmony with that of the rest of the civilized world, and with the gold *versus* silver issue practically eliminated from this campaign, there is no such trepidation in business circles as there was in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900, as is proved by the relatively stable and healthy state of trade today compared with conditions in past "presidential years."

While there are sharp differences of opinion and principle between the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties it is apparent that the main issue in this campaign is to be one of personalities; and that the attack on Mr. Roosevelt is to be vigorous and unsparring, and his friends' defense of him equally so. We anticipate therefore a very sharp, bitter, heated campaign, in which the personal element will tend to

obscure some of the fundamental principles involved. There will be new alignments of men. Friends and kindred will differ radically. Coworkers in social reforms will not see eye to eye; and unless there is careful speech animosities will be developed as the result of impeachment of motives.

At bottom the issue in both parties is one inevitable in a time of transition from the individualistic to the social conception of society, of extension of the authority and power of the Nation as over against the State, and of the State as over against the individual. Each party has its conservative and radical faction because each party is divided on this twentieth century issue. Each party has those who would construe the Constitution strictly, and each party has its liberal constructionists. The conservatives of each party at bottom sympathize more with the conservatives of the other party than they do with the radicals of their own party. Each party, should it be put in power, has latent within it elements of much future strife, for the larger issues of 1908 and 1912 are implicit now, in the words of prophets who see the signs of the times.

Compared with the situation in which the country was four or eight years ago the outlook is far brighter today. While, pending his letter of acceptance, the country has to wait patiently for Judge Parker's revelation of himself as a party leader, nevertheless, even now, in the light of his record as a judge and his standing in his profession, it is safe to say that whosoever wins the prize, the country will have a capable, positive, honorable Chief Executive. The Democratic party will enter the campaign nominally, if not actually, united, which has not been the case for a decade; the Republican party, as usual, will be a well disciplined host.

Despite all that may be done by either party between this and election day to convert voters by facts and arguments, some citizens when that day comes will vote emotionally, ignorantly, spitefully. Some will vote as if heredity were all and environment nothing—their fathers were Republicans or Democrats; so must they be, irrespective of the new age and the new duties. Some voters will sell themselves for lucre; some will cringe before the party lash; some will flee from duty and put personal pleasure on election day above service to society.

But more than ever before, an informed, intelligent, calm-spirited, rational body of voters will come up to the polls in November, prepared to

execute a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God.

Once the verdict is rendered, the defeated minority, however large, will set about its ordinary tasks of life obedient to the will of the majority until that is reversed in lawful ways. Here is our glory among democracies—the explanation of our exemption from the factionalism and disloyalty to verdicts of the polls which rend European and South American states. "Teach us how to be like you in your calm trust of the verdict at the polls, and your obedience to its decree," said one of the wisest of the Filipinos recently in Boston.

The Lesson of a Good Life

Because a single concrete illustration of noble living carries more stimulus than a volume of abstract counsel, we should not let the death of that great Christian, Bishop Frederick D. Huntington, pass without marking the rare blending in him of certain qualities greatly to be desired in the average Christian. The tributes to him from all sources show that he was a man of uncommon mold and worthy to be linked in memory with such conspicuous religious leaders of our time as Gladstone and his own intimate friend and classmate, Richard S. Storrs. No bishop of the American Episcopal Church has sustained such a close relation to the churches of our order, due in part to his early associations and many personal friendships with Congregational ministers and laymen which he cherished to the day of his death, and in part to a certain common inheritance of thought and temper.

It would be interesting to speculate upon the place he would have taken among us had not the rigid policy of exclusion driven his mother out of the Congregational Church in Hadley into Unitarianism. That policy was responsible for numerous other losses in the New England churches and corresponding gains for Unitarianism and Episcopalianism. Rather than mourn over them, we would rejoice in what such men as Bishop Huntington have achieved in other communions. Nor need we dwell upon the Bishop's breadth and personal graces, for a long time neighbor of his, Rev. E. N. Packard, D. D., gives on another page a delightful description of Dr. Huntington's home and characteristics.

The one point we would make is that he, more than most men, maintained the even balance between spirituality and philanthropy. First of all he believed in the vision of God, in the life with Christ, in prayer, penitence and self-discipline as processes by which character is rounded out into Christlikeness. Such books as *Helps to a Holy Life*, *Christian Believing and Living*, which have had wide popularity in England as well as in this country, embodied his conception of the Christian life as one of moral struggle issuing in triumph and in the joy and peace of fellowship with the Father. We recall his words during our last interview with him with regard to the pace of modern life, especially in the great cities, how Christians seem to be absorbed in material satisfactions, in amusement and social display. There was a note of sadness, though not of uncharitableness, as he went on to say: "That life with God which was the mark of the saints of old seems very rare today."

But the Bishop was never content to linger too long in the closet. Religion meant also a passion for the service of his fellows. We doubt if there has ever been a minister on either side of the water in high official position who condescended so constantly to the lowly, who felt that God's little ones and the great army of the forsaken and unblest were his special charge as a minister of Christ. Among the many telegrams which came to his bereaved family were several signed by men and women engaged in the management of Houses of Mercy and

other institutions for the relief of the suffering. With many of them Dr. Huntington was connected, not as a figure-head but sometimes as founder and always as sympathetic adviser.

We may all be grateful, then, for the career of Bishop Huntington and rejoice that in a day when there is a great deal of good work going on for human need apparently uninspired and unsustained by religious faith and motive, and when we witness more or less praying and psalm singing and various forms of otherworldliness which never seem to issue in a hand-to-hand grapple with the world's sorrow and sin, there has lived for long years among us one whose work for others was ceaseless and fruitful while his life with his God dominated his whole being.

Great Chapters of God's Book The Shepherd Psalm

Until our Lord made plain the fatherhood of God for comfort and sustaining, this image of the Divine Shepherd stood as the high water mark of trust. Christ himself assumes the image to express his own relation to his followers, enlarging and adapting it to the needs of his disciples. It is the honor of the psalmist that he anticipated and prepared the way for him who said: "I am the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

This imagery must have spoken with peculiar vividness to keepers of the flock. Yet by imagination we too can picture for ourselves the peace and beauty of green pastures and refreshing streams, and realize the leading of the flock through shadowed clefts of the hills, past the dens of the wild beasts where security depends upon the faithful care and courage of the shepherd. To the least vivid imagination in the most prosaic modern street this relation of the shepherd and his sheep is clear and beautiful. He leads, he seeks and restores, he governs and controls. The hope of the future is of him as surely as the peace of the present.

What then does the psalm represent of our personal relation nowadays to Christ? Is it clear and vivid to our minds that he is still the shepherd of his sheep, that our security depends upon the personal relation, that he himself loves, knows, controls and leads us, that he makes provision for our future, that the valley of the shadow is the place where we have special assurance of his presence and his care, that he has provided for the days to come? Then, too, the thought of his provision in the Father's house will become a vista of our faith which has no end. The place of the flock's abode and the route of its journeyings are in the shepherd's care and are determined by the shepherd's knowledge. Our opportunity of faith rests in provision for today, our peace of heart in expectation for the morrow. When we wander it is our own sin and he, too, shares the sorrow; but our restoration is his joy.

Here, too, as in all Christ's teachings, the direct, unhindered and unmediated personal relation is the essential thing. Between the child and his father none need come. Between the shepherd and his flock no under shepherd is necessary. Between the heart and Christ the way is

always short and clear. This psalm read in the light of Christ's sacrifice and Christ's promise becomes an anticipation of the highest and most joyful thought of the Church, that Christ is ever with it and that all power in heaven and earth is committed into his hands.

Our Handbook Topic for the Midweek Prayer Meeting, July 24-30. Ps. 23.

In Brief

Anyhow, Judge Parker is an accommodating man. A Boston autograph fiend had the audacity to ask him for a copy of the famous telegram to St. Louis, and back it came by return mail in the judge's handwriting.

"Wild Religions which I Have Known," such is the title which persons in certain irreverent circles in Cambridge give to Professor James's book, *Varieties of Religious Experience*. If so admirable a volume must have a nickname, this will do as well as any.

The English authorities have shown good sense in allowing the body of ex-President Kruger to be taken to Pretoria for burial. They would not allow him to return while he lived, but they can afford to be generous to the sentiment of their new subjects now that he is dead.

New sayings of Jesus as reported from discoveries on the edge of the Libyan Desert are sure to receive the eager attention of the world, but the old sayings are fully as precious and trustworthy and we have a faint suspicion that not all of them have been entirely complied with by the modern world.

Shawmut Church, Boston, lubricates Bible study this hot weather by serving free lemonade after Sunday school to its scholars, young and old. The visiting Union Church people, less used to institutional ideas, couldn't understand at first why punch bowls should be flying back and forth, but they seemed to appreciate the refreshment.

All the boys listened to what the teacher had to say with close attention.—*New York Sun*.

Course they did. Because young Theodore Roosevelt was teaching this special Sunday school class. But will they listen as eagerly next Sunday and the Sunday after that? Aye, there's the point.

Japanese Christians engaged in war with Russia are showing themselves loyal to their religion as well as to their native land. One of two spies recently captured by the Russians near Harbin was a captain named Jokoka, a Christian. His demeanor under duress and facing death won the admiration of his captors, who ordered him shot. His money he left to the Russian Red Cross, saying that in this way he wished to show his obedience to Christ's command, "Love your enemies."

Dr. A. H. Bradford has been preaching to large congregations at Kensington, London, where C. Silvester Horne was recently pastor and has also delivered the annual address before the students of Hackney College. A trip to Norway will give the doctor something in the nature of a real holiday and doubtless equip him for his forthcoming address at our own National Council. Another American who has been warmly received in Great Britain this summer is Dr. Josiah Strong of New York.

"Jersey justice" has again proved itself an example to the citizens of other states. Two Negroes arrested for "the unspeakable crime" of assault upon a white woman were promptly arrested, protected, tried, convicted and sentenced to the extreme penalty allowed by the law—forty-nine years' imprisonment at hard

labor. Is there any reason why such states as Indiana and Illinois—not to mention the South which appears yet too sensitive for entirely free speech—could not follow the same self-respecting course?

A friend of the late Bishop Huntington was spending a Sunday in Edinburgh, and followed the crowd to the church of a celebrated preacher. At the close of the service he said to the clergyman, "That was a remarkably fine sermon." The minister, puffed up with pride, said, "Thank you, thank you." "But," said the Boston man, "I have heard it before; it is one of Bishop Huntington's sermons." "Ah yes, I dare say, to be sure; but Huntington could never have gotten it off as I did." For consistent and unblushing plagiarism this beats the record.

The many investors in the new Morning Star will be glad to learn that a cablegram received at the American Board rooms last week reported the arrival at Perim near Aden on the Gulf of Suez. It brought also the gratifying news that the vessel is behaving admirably and that all on board were in good condition. This must include the yearling bull, regarding whose composure under seasickness grave fears were entertained. The terrier who was taken along to create consternation among the rats of Micronesia, was so affected by life on the ocean wave that when a rat did appear he fled from it.

Mexico is not bothered with huge conventions and exciting campaigns in which the result is proclaimed to be in doubt up to the last moment. President Diaz is as unanimously nominated as Roosevelt and re-elected even more unanimously than the most excited partisan hopes his candidate here will be. In fact there is no real election, though there is a common consent. The point of importance in the latest return of Diaz to his office is in the vice-presidential name upon the ticket. Ramon Corral is a name to be noted as heir presumptive to the leadership of the sister republic in its still unfinished climb to a real and stable democracy.

Mrs. Eddy is as much of a rhetorical treat as ever in her greetings to her followers at their gathering for the dedication of a new church building in Concord, N. H. The message is copyrighted, but we venture to extract a gem or two. "The heart that beats mostly for self is seldom alight with love." How true! "Most of us willingly accept dead truisms that can be buried at will; but a live truth, even though it be a sapling within rich soil and with blossoms on its branches, scares folks. The trenchant truth that cuts its way through iron and sod, most men avoid until compelled to glance at it, then open their hearts to it for actual being, health, holiness and immortality." How beautiful! Why does not somebody make a collection of elegant extracts from Mrs. Eddy's talk. She would wish to copyright it, no doubt, but it ought to be one of the best selling (humorous) books of the season.

Once a year we publish a list of honorary degrees conferred during the commencement season. That list appears on page 119. We cannot claim for it entire accuracy, or that even assiduous effort has made it as complete as the ideal would demand. But it enumerates most of the persons upon whom the colleges have this year bestowed their greatest honors. The number of Doctorate of Laws is unusually large, owing in part to the fact that Wisconsin University signalized its semicentennial by awarding many more such degrees than is usual. The list of Doctorates of Divinity impresses us as somewhat smaller than usual and represents a gratifying conservatism on the part of the authorities. At many colleges now the presidents when awarding the degrees characterize the recipients in apt and forceful phrases. So before the degree is awarded in a

given case the president must ask himself, "What can I honestly say about the man?"

One of the most interesting personalities at the Harvard Summer School of Theology is Dr. Edward Robie, for more than a half-century pastor of the country church in Greenland, N. H., and in many respects an illustrious embodiment of Goldsmith's ideal sketch of the village preacher. Ripeness of thought, mellowness of heart, richness of experience, when joined with a receptive mind and unflagging enthusiasm for the study of humanity and divinity, make up a pastoral equipment which any church might covet. The Greenland church, which under his scholarly and extended ministrations is said to have become as critical and appreciative as any city congregation, is to be congratulated on its sagacity in recognizing his value and in cleaving to him. Other churches might be equally fortunate if they would help their pastors to gain rest and new inspiration, and would keep themselves free from the passion for change so demoralizing to our churches.

That was a fine exhibition of superiority to race prejudice which was given by a St. Louis Congregational church the other Sunday. After the celebration at the World's Fair of Fisk University Day, the Jubilee singers remained in St. Louis over Sunday to meet appointments. When in the evening they arrived at the church where they were to sing they found that the organist had refused to allow them to occupy the choir loft. Here was an emergency, but the music committee of the church rose to the occasion and forthwith discharged the organist, preferring to continue the service without an organ than to permit such a display of animosity under the roof of the church. But from the ranks of the singers themselves one volunteered to play and the pastor declared that never had such grand music pealed forth from the great organ before. With our congratulations to that prompt and vigorous music committee we would couple the suggestion that it need not look far for a person to fill the vacancy just created.

Points Worth Noting in Church News

The Maritime Provinces move for interdenomination union (page 123).

Children's handiwork helps remodel a church (How Basketry Helped, page 119).

Tribute to an apostle of the risen life (A Sister's Tribute to a Gifted Writer, page 130).

A rest home for working women in Springfield, Mass.; a lesson in law keeping in Lowell (Massachusetts Broadside, page 130).

A new Iowa Band; a comparison of denominational forces also, of the size of our churches and Sunday schools—all in Oklahoma (Broadside, 131).

A Protest from Berea

The editorial in *The Congregationalist* of June 25, headed, No More Negroes at Berea, is both inaccurate and misleading. As a student and trustee I have been connected with the college since 1879. For the last eight years I have been secretary of the board. I am, therefore, in a position to speak.

The statement in the editorial that "colored students have always been fewer than the whites at Berea" is not true. During most of the time the races have been about equally divided. For several years prior to 1892 the colored students were in the majority. In the Class of 1892, of which I was a member, all were Negroes—five in number.

The statement that "the work for the whites has always been of much more importance than the work for the blacks" is not only untrue, but is calculated to do harm to Negroes

interested in Berea. Again it is false that "considerable opposition to Berea has developed" in the town itself. Fully ninety per cent. of the white citizens of Berea signed a petition to the legislature against the bill. Every member of the faculty signed a similar petition. The state senator from the Berea district, himself a Democrat and an ex-slaveholder, strenuously opposed the passage of the bill.

The statement that though the law is declared unconstitutional "former conditions will never prevail again" is an unwarranted assertion. If the law is declared unconstitutional what is to hinder the colored students from returning in large numbers? Does not the contest and the temporary arrangement anticipate a return to former conditions?

The trustees are men of Christian character and integrity, and will see that so far as lies in their power justice is done the Negro.

Nashville, Tenn.

JAMES BOND.

Ramblings

At the outset let me say that I am not given to rambling, I hope even in my speech. In fact I am a hard worker taking a vacation of the unusual length of a whole month. To my associate who accompanied me to the train to see me off, I remarked that I always quit work reluctantly, and that if I consulted my feelings I would go back with him to the office. "I think," was his reply, "that you take a sinful pride in that fact. By a month's absence and travel you will come back refreshed and strengthened, and will do more and better work for months to come. You ought to think of that, and repent."

My associate, who is young enough to be my son, has a fatherly way of lecturing me that I rather like. Nevertheless, I confess that I still have no sympathy with the man who is glad to drop his work at the first stroke of the noon hour or at any time that he can secure a vacation. He has no love for it if he does not do so with some regret—not enough love to enjoy it while engaged upon it and not enough to make a real success of it.

My wife and I were at Mount Vernon, standing before the "new" tomb wherein rest the bodies of George and Martha Washington. A colored man was there to orate to the visitors who hourly gather before the burial place. Before others came he confided to us that he had been "a missionary preacher" in sixteen states and had held his present position for only about two months. "They've been a-tryin' to git me fer three or four years," he said, "but I wouldn't come until they would agree to let me preach on the Sabbath and at funerals during the week. Finally they agreed to this, fer, suh, the time had come when they felt that they must have a man heah who is a historian!"

When about a dozen others came up we had an illustration of his knowledge of the history of the Washingtons and his powers as an orator. He told the story of the family, in the main, in pretty good English, with here and there an eloquent period designed to touch the heart and inflame the patriotism of his hearers. Speaking of the final closing of the tomb, he said that after the bodies of "the royal family" had been transferred to it, "the key was turned in the lock in a way it never had been turned before, and then it was thrown into the angry waters of the Potomac."

The Rambler has reached Wisconsin, and just now is at Yerkes Observatory, where is the largest telescope in the world. Has he looked through that sixty-two foot tube? By good fortune, yes; but it takes both training and knowledge to see things through it except in a broad way. The Rambler is more interested in the men who observe through it than in the instrument itself. What enthusiasts they are! Of course the nights of the week have to be divided among them, but each man,

if he could only stand the strain and keep up his notes, would like to be on duty all the while. Whenever it happens to be cloudy, how disappointed is the one whose night assignment it is!

Two years ago when the Rambler was here, the observatory was suffering for a day or so from a water famine, so that the engine could not make steam to turn the machinery of the dome. One of the professors, whose night it was to observe, was just about frantic. He rushed about to discover some water, finally offering a woman ten dollars out of his own pocket for the contents of her small wooden cistern!

The Rambler was not all surprised to learn that this same professor, though at the time physically unfitted to endure the exposure, persistently clung to his task during one of the coldest nights of last winter. It should be remembered that the great dome has to be open so that the temperature inside is the same as that without. Despite the bitterness of the cold, and his own weakness, this man continued in his work till day began to dawn—and didn't get out of bed for three weeks afterwards!

The observatory is beautifully located on Lake Geneva. It is a retired and quiet spot, and in the trees bordering the lake the birds love to make their nests, while flowers are plentiful. The Rambler's six-year-old granddaughter was asked how she would like to live in the big city, whither she has been taken occasionally. "I would not like it," she replied; "I would go all about crying, 'Flowers, flowers, where are you?'"

M. C. H.

Sparks from Other Anvils

A CHURCHMAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

(The Living Church)

It would be a pleasure to see the long line of Churchman-Presidents restored, and those who vote the Democratic ticket will be glad to feel that he whose name heads their ticket is one who has done much both for the Church and for the catholic movement within it.

THE SALVATION ARMY DOES THE WORK

(Examiner, London)

Even those who find their methods of worship most repulsive are bound to admit that while most other Christians have talked about saving the masses, the Salvationists have acted; and that, latterly, at any rate, they have gone about their work in the most common sense fashion, remembering that men have bodies as well as souls.

THE PAYING CAPACITIES OF THE CROWD

(The Interior)

We happened the other morning—it was Monday—to meet the treasurer of an important city church whose doors had been crowded the night before. We congratulated him upon the success of his pastor in "filling the pews." "Yes," was the hesitating reply, "he has filled the pews, and filled the vestibule, and filled the pulpit steps—but he has emptied the collection baskets. We have the biggest audience in the city, and will soon have the biggest debt." In another city 2,000 miles distant, and in another denomination, we came upon a church from whose doors hundreds were nightly turned away. Three years later we asked the principal layman how the church was doing now, and he replied with a tinge of sadness, "We had a grand debauch under Brother X., and we haven't quite recovered from it yet." Account for it as we may, or fail to account for it if we must, the extreme methods of the sensation-monger which fill the pews of a church most rapidly, destroy its usefulness as a church of Christ. Unless the crowd is converted, it will submerge the Christianity of the congregation.

Tributes to the Congrega-
tional Pioneer and
Christian Leader

Richard Cordley of Kansas

A Long, Eventful and
Fruitful Career

Dr. Cordley represented all periods of Kansas history, her whole people and her best thought. He was a '57 pioneer; seventy-five years old, yet ever young; the friend, equally, of people in all conditions; linked, loyally, to old truths, yet in the forefront of modern thinking. He was a Christian whose life was permeated with prayer; a missionary through and through, expressing his heart in Christian service; a thinker with touches of genius and the perceptions of a seer; a preacher of large and unique power; a manly man, brave for any duty, yet humble and childlike, without a scrap of pretense or possibility of jealousy in his nature; and a man whom everybody loved because he loved everybody. He believed in men, almost to the point of weakness. If he met you for the first time he was so sincerely interested in your welfare that you forgot to think how grand a man he was. But you found out when he preached. You noticed that, without an impressive presence or arts of oratory, he at once commanded attention; that he read his sermon, yet seemed to be talking unconventionally to you; that his language was plain Anglo-Saxon, and put into nugget sentences; that he made common truths sparkle; that he preached truth positively, antagonizing nobody directly, but dispelling darkness by letting in the light; that imagination and humor had a liberal part in the discourse, and that he stopped too soon.

Eminent among the founders and promoters of Congregationalism in Kansas, the inspirer of her missionaries, especially the younger ones, an example of fortitude, loveliness of character and the Pauline missionary spirit, Dr. Cordley will live in holy memory, and in the Christian institutions of which his life was a part.

L. P. BROAD.

A Modern Apostle

BY A. L. FORD

In the fall of 1857, the Andover Band of four young men having heard the "cry from Macedonia" throughout their seminary course, made a missionary journey—with three of them it was a wedding journey—into the distracted and turbulent territory of Kansas. Richard Cordley settled in Lawrence, the town looked upon with deadly hatred by the Border Ruffians as the center of the Free State movement. He was not dismayed by the hardships of pioneer life, for his parents, of fine English stock, had hewed out a place for their log cabin in the forests of Michigan, where his boyhood was spent.

The young minister was of a slight, delicate appearance, and had a "thorn in the flesh" in the loss of one eye, while the other was often weak in sympathy. Above them rose the noble, intellectual forehead of a student and a scholar. We first see the young pastor preaching in the new edifice built of unhewn native stone. Plymouth Church is now three years old, with twenty-two members, and a center of life in the new town. In this edifice are held socials, concerts, and singing schools as well as political meetings of the Free State men, many of whose leaders are identified with the church. Never before or since in the history of the United States, has its government arrayed itself against peaceful citizens contending for a high moral principle. It is a situation calling for the utmost wisdom and discretion. That the Free State party does not come into open conflict with the administration at Washington is due in a large measure to those leaders who take council together in the old stone church. A hundred years from now the future historian may recognize the fact that this band of Free State men, who so bravely held in check the westward march of the slave power, are, in a way, as worthy of honor as the Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock.

With such a Sunday morning congregation the young pastor is stimulated to his best efforts. The gospel message is given with simplicity and clearness. The people call him lovingly, "the nugget preacher." After years of absence they will come home to Plymouth Church sure of a cordial greeting from the pastor who never forgets their names or faces, their

families nor the circumstances of their lives. The morning service does not end the pastor's duties for the day. All around Lawrence the country is settled by people of the same type as those of the town. Often several families from the same neighborhood farther east have pre-empted adjoining farms. To these rural communities the Plymouth pastor makes a Sabbath Day journey for afternoon or evening service. He takes longer drives, also, to distant parts of the state for installations, councils or associations. Thus "with labors more abundant," this "Modern Apostle" is establishing the Church in Kansas.

In the years that follow, the conflict over the admission of slavery into Kansas, has developed into the Civil War. Kansas, isolated from the sisterhood of northern states, has her very existence as a free state hanging in the balance and, when the call for troops is made, responds with a larger number of men in proportion to population, than any other state in the Union. In the Congregational churches of the state, more than half of the able-bodied men are in the army. Lawrence, so near the front, is never without military camps. Dr. Cordley holds special services for the soldiers, visits the sick in the hospitals and preaches ringing, patriotic sermons. Although so gentle and unassuming, he is fearless when aroused by wrong or injustice. When Quantrell's Band making the long threatened raid upon Lawrence burned the hated town, killing one hundred and fifty defenseless citizens, they searched diligently for the "Abolition Preacher," burned his house, too, but fortunately the preacher escaped.

We see Dr. Cordley and his wife on the evening of that dreadful day standing by the smoking embers of their little white cottage, their first happy home. It has been a "house beautiful" to ministers and delegates from all over the state. They have brought their perplexities and difficulties to this parsonage, sure of receiving good advice, and good cheer. Library, sermons, mementoes of the past, all are gone. The pastor goes from one family to another holding services for the dead and comforting the living. He takes his turn standing guard at the "block house," but there is no note of discouragement or complaint in the sermons written at this time on a dry goods box in a low attic. His words, full of hope

and trust, are a tower of strength to the afflicted people of the town.

In an incredibly short space of time the people rally their forces and rebuild the town. Dr. Cordley serves on the school board, helps to found Washburn, the Congregational college at Topeka, of which he is a trustee; is a constant friend and helper in the development of the State University located at Lawrence. His congregation worships in a modern, convenient church. The pastor lives in a new and comfortable parsonage.

Plymouth Church has increased from twenty-two to four hundred members. Every year brings into its membership many of the children from the Sunday school, whom the pastor loves so well. He has touched the joys and sorrows of four generations. What strong cords the years are weaving to bind together this pastor and people! What a dignity and benediction these years of loving service bestow, not only upon Plymouth Church, but also upon the town and the state.

It would seem that after more than three decades of this peaceful living he would never again look upon scenes suggestive of war. But we see him again in Plymouth Church, speaking to a company of soldiers enlisted for the Spanish-American War. In no other state, perhaps, was there such a wave of indignation as that which swept over these sons and grandsons of the early pioneers, as they listened to the story of the oppressions in Cuba. Dr. Cordley exhorts the young men before him, many of them university students, some of them members of his own Sunday school, to be brave, not only in facing Spanish bullets, but also in meeting the temptations of the camp and of the field, to come back "as noble and pure as you go away." It may be that it was owing to these parting admonitions, and to the constant remembrance of their loving pastor, that the Lawrence company was distinguished in the regiment for its Sunday school and its Christian Endeavor Society.

The fitting climax of this beautiful life was in the State Association which came home to Plymouth Church last June to celebrate the semicentennial of Congregationalism in Kansas. Dr. Cordley, who had never missed but one association from the beginning, was present, feeble in body, but alert and interested. It was beautiful to see that large body of clergy-

men, many of them young men, listening eagerly to the story of the last survivor of that Andover Band, who "in perils by robbers, in perils in the wilderness, in perils by their own countrymen" gave their lives to help in the upbuilding of the Congregational Church in Kansas.

There was one more Sabbath service after the association. Dr. Cordley was carried into the pulpit, and talked to his people from the text, "O'd things are passed away." The Sabbath following he is confined to his room. The eyes of the pastor are upon the clock; it is the hour of the morning service. He has never failed his people before in all the long years of his ministry. He calls his family around him for a devotional service. "I shall never preach again," he says when it is finished, "to my people in Plymouth Church. I have tried to do them good. I should like to preach to them again, but it is all right."

Lawrence, Kan., July 12.

A Home Missionary Superintendent's Word

Our greatest man and prophet has gone. Kansas has none that have done her greater service. Our leader in Congregationalism for two generations has left us to walk alone. Few men had as many strong qualities as Dr. Cordley. He was trained fifty years ago, yet his thinking was ever fresh. He went through all the hot controversies of the last generation but never lost his head, nor was he ever left behind. The old and tried he kept, but the new and positive he always welcomed. He was naturally of poetic temperament, yet was a most helpful counselor.

He could develop the best in an individual, but he always took a warm interest in all matters of wide concern. Naturally secluded and scholarly, he yet had great influence in public matters, and his social touch was everywhere strong. He could hold all sorts of people in harmony about him, and each one would feel that he was his particular favorite. He was always modest, yet never afraid to express his conviction, and always gentle and self-composed. And these qualities he kept till the last. He was the brightest and wittiest at the Jubilee. His last sermons were among his best. One of his last utterances at the Jubilee was, "Our motto was always *Kansas for Christ*."

Doubtless there were those fifty years ago who said the members of the Andover Band would bury themselves in that far-away Kansas "just for an ideal." In the same class in the seminary were Dr. Cobb, Secretary Hazen, Professor Thayer and Prof. Hiram Mead. "Why such waste?" But at this end of the line we say, These who came West served as well as the others. The world has still other like opportunities, but they are where humanity is struggling with its unsolved problems.

The public services in honor of Dr. Cordley were held in Plymouth Church, July 13. A great company of old friends came to express their love. Dr. J. G. Dougherty of Kansas City, a life-long friend and associate, gave a worthy review of the character and influence of Dr. Cordley.

H. E. THAYER.

Topeka, July 14.

All Night at the Democratic Convention

Some Impressions of a Minister in the Gallery

BY REV. C. H. PATTON, D. D., ST. LOUIS

My seat was directly opposite the speaker's stand, in the center of the broadside of the oval shaped hall, and directly behind the band which was pushed out on a shelf overhanging the balcony. There were times when the band could scarcely be heard six feet away. It is a poor kind of a Democrat who cannot yell to beat the band. The red-faced German musician who pounded the big bass drum, and who might be supposed to be accustomed to noise, frequently stopped his ears during the yelling following the naming of candidates.

The convention was noisy and tumultuous beyond all precedent. A delegate told me he had been at Chicago eight years ago and at Kansas City four years ago, and that both of these were tame in comparison with St. Louis. It was in the sharpest possible contrast with the aim of the founders of the republic—Jefferson, whose name seemed upon nearly every speaker's lips, must have turned many times in his grave during those two night sessions. Washington would have regarded the gathering as a convention of mad men.

The psychology of such a crowd is always interesting, and I was impressed by the fact that the finer qualities of manhood are distinctly lowered under such circumstances. Men acted in a way that night to make their wives feel ashamed, even if their own consciences did not rebuke them later on. The enthusiasm appeared to me to be manufactured in the main. It was supposed to be the thing to do, and so they did it. This applies more to the balcony and gallery crowd than to the floor. The delegates in the main preserved good order and decorum, even under very exciting conditions.

Many in the gallery about me evidently were there for the fun of the thing, and they shouted equally loud and long for all candidates, with the possible exception of Parker. The suspicion crossed my mind that money lay behind some of the noise. Demonstrations on the floor were carefully planned for each leading candidate, and when the noise would begin to wane a new banner would appear or a huge portrait be displayed, and then pandemonium would break forth anew. One small-statured fellow near me hung to an iron girder all night Friday, and only stopped yelling when the chairman threatened to clear the galleries. Another man below me in the balcony for a straight half hour waved his hat in one hand and his coat in the other, yelling fiercely all the time, while people around pelted him with fans and paper wads. A man went up and down in the rear of our section with a huge megaphone and a husky voice in a foreign accent, shouting: "Bryan and Hearst! Bryan and Hearst! the friends of the people!" I can hear him yet. Twenty such men carefully placed can keep the cheering of ten thousand people well in hand.

It was a distinctly Bryan crowd off the floor, and the enthusiasm for the unhorsed leader was genuine. But then it must be remembered the convention met in Missouri. Bryan loomed large as an

orator. In arguing for abstract principles he is truly great, as when he spoke for the Illinois contestants. That was the only time when I was genuinely moved and ceased to be an onlooker and critic. His well-rounded epigrammatic sentences, his trumpet-like voice full of power and sympathy, backed by his evident sincerity, swept the great audience in a magnificent way. No, oratory is not dead; but Bryan spoke too much. He made five distinct speeches, which is too much for any man. He impresses one as stronger in words than in deeds, as better on general theories than on practical policies. I feel that he is no demagogue. I shall never forget the thrilling effect of his opening in the speech on the candidates: "You may claim that I have not fought a good fight. You may assert that I have failed to finish my course, but I defy any man to say I have not kept the faith." Bryan has missed his calling. He should have been a preacher. He would have solved the greatest down-town problem in the country in the rôle of a preacher of righteousness and human brotherhood.

If the Democratic party can be properly judged from this convention it is lacking in men of brains. Champ Clark, the permanent chairman, is a sort of brass money politician. His opening speech was cheap and sloppy. Tillman is a coarse buffoon. His oratory is rant—much of the Southern oratory is of the old rhetorical sort, florid but lacking in power. Bailey of Texas is a notable exception. His fine face and dignified bearing impressed the more thoughtful in the audience favorably.

Leaving that dramatic and really thrilling all-night session I went home somewhat dazed as to the significance of it all. But after a nap and a cold bath I still heard that man with the fog horn voice in a foreign accent shouting: "Bryan and Hearst! Bryan and Hearst! the friends of the people!" And I found myself saying: "Let Bryan and Hearst and all their radical following get together on a platform of paternalism. Then let the old line Democrats and the disgruntled Republicans vote for Parker. In between let the Republicans who believe in Roosevelt as the finest type of President this country has seen in many a year vote straight for him. And may God save the people!"

An occasional and valued contributor to our paper, Mrs. Margaret Hamilton Welch, has just died at a sanitarium in Liberty, N. Y. The widow of that genial, lovable humorist, Philip H. Welch, she assumed at the time of his pathetic death nearly twenty years ago, the responsibilities of her little family. She became an industrious and successful newspaper worker, keeping amid all the demands of modern journalism, the sweetness and charm of a delicate nature and winning her way so well that the fund of \$20,000 which friends and admirers of her husband raised for the family was, we understand, left untouched as a legacy to her four children. A brave, beautiful spirit, she will be remembered first of all because of her exemplification of Christian womanhood and devoted motherhood.

A Friendly Word to Self-
Constituted Guardians
of Orthodoxy

Defenders of the Faith

By Prof. John E. McFadyen, Knox College, Toronto

Spiritual Fruitage the Real
Test of Discipleship

A strangely pathetic interest attaches to a great disciple when we find him making a great mistake. For even loyal disciples are not infallible. Sometimes they seriously misrepresent the mind of Jesus, and have to be brought back to wisdom by the stern way of rebuke. Such a rebuke was once administered even to John the beloved. And it was very necessary, for he had been betrayed by his zeal into a great error. He had misread the large charity of Jesus. He had taken it upon him to rebuke one who had been doing beneficent work in the name of Jesus; and Jesus had been constrained to rebuke him in the memorable words, "Forbid him not."

CONDEMNED FOR DIFFERING FROM US

The attitude of John is remarkable; more remarkable still is the reason for that attitude. "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us." One would have supposed that John might well have felt sure of this man, for he had given two indubitable proofs of being on the side of Jesus. He was casting out devils—and was not that part of the very work which Jesus had commissioned his disciples to do? And he was doing this in Jesus' name, proving thereby that he was a believer in the power of that name and a disciple at heart; for, as Jesus said, no man could do a mighty work in his name and thereafter lightly revile him. But John, with sublime indifference to these conclusive marks of discipleship, condemns and forbids him for no better reason than that "he followeth not with us."

Apparently, then, it is possible for those who love Jesus dearly to misunderstand him seriously, and to hamper the work of others who are serving him with as much zeal as themselves and with more intelligence; for we cannot help feeling that the unknown man who owes his place in history to John's foolish rebuke, had an instinctive penetration into the essential conditions of discipleship far superior to John's own. For John's measure of discipleship was, for the moment, a purely external one, whereas this man felt that the true disciple is one who does the work of the Master. Of course there were reasons at that time why John should have so completely, though mistakenly, identified the cause of his Master with that of his little disciple band; all the same, there is struck here the first note of that well-intentioned arrogance which has seldom been wanting in the history of the Church.

In this spirit which is ever ready to rebuke unconventional service, there is something not altogether to be despised, for it is animated by jealousy for the honor of the Lord. Nevertheless, it is one of the most hateful sins of which a disciple of Christ can be guilty. For in insisting upon external standards, it displays a lack of insight into the real conditions of service; in rebuking a man

who is doing the work of Jesus in the name of Jesus it displays an utter lack of charity as well as of intelligence; and in hampering the work of a sincere, devoted and intelligent servant it is injuring the work of Christ himself, and retarding the progress of the world.

ADHESION TO CHRIST THE ONLY REQUIREMENT

What is the condition of discipleship? Surely it is not following "with us." For who are we? Poor, stupid, loveless mortals who at the best "know in part and prophesy in part," and at the worst are but caricatures of the ideals to which we aspire. Surely it is not adhesion to us, but adhesion to Christ that is the true test of discipleship. Does the man about whose loyalty we are in doubt, and whose work we are thirsting, like John, to interrupt—does he "follow with Christ?" If he does, that ought to settle the matter for us. But how shall we know whether he follows with Christ? In the last resort we cannot know, for only the Lord can look upon the heart. But so far as we may know at all, we have no other basis for judgment than that indicated by Jesus himself when he said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

It is unspeakably pathetic that such a reason should have been so often offered throughout the history of the Church for thwarting the unconventional service of some fellow-disciple—"he followeth not with us." Is he any the worse for that? For again, let us ask, who are we? Necessarily but a fraction of the great Church of Christ, and no more infallible than any other fraction. Therefore our standards of judgment are necessarily limited, and may even be false, as John's were. The truculent and peremptory prohibition by which we think to do Christ honor, may be answered by him with a rebuke. And when we shut out of our fellowship a man who is doing gracious and helpful work in the name of Jesus, the loss is rather ours than his. It is he and not we who represents the true Church; and no excommunication of ours can really deprive him of that "cheerful liberty of heart" which belongs to the brave and sincere.

The Church, as Pres. Rush Rhees has recently said, has often shown herself strangely "inhospitable to unfamiliar truth." Too often has her motto been, "We forbade him." Christ was brought to his cross by the chief priests, the scribes and the elders; that is, by the officials of the Church of his own time. His truth was too revolutionary and unpalatable, and they "forbade" him by nailing him to a tree. That was the Jewish Church; here—in the story we are considering—is the Christian Church in embryo, forbidding one who cast out devils in Christ's name. It was the Church that compelled Galileo to deny what today every schoolboy knows to be true; and more than once within the last three centuries the Church has deliberately condemned an attitude which the

advance of thought has later compelled her to tolerate, if not to accept. The persecutors were by no means always bad men. They were often only conventional men, of scrupulous but unenlightened conscientiousness, who could not appreciate a nobler and more daring type of service than their own.

THE PERSECUTING SPIRIT DIES HARD

The weapons of persecution have changed but the spirit is ever the same—the spirit which in other days would have kindled the fagot, but which dare not do so today because of the brave stand for liberty and truth made by the men whom it murdered. The spirit of Jesus is slowly working, and there are signs that the day is perhaps not so very far distant when men who are casting out devils in his name will be free to do their work serenely, none either daring or desiring to make them afraid. Then the true Church union will be consummated; for then men will be more eager to welcome than to forbid, more ready to accentuate the glorious hopes they share in common than the relatively trivial speculations which divide them. They will care more for the person of Christ than for a particular view of his person, and more for truth than for a specific formulation of it. When we recognize the relative unimportance of the things which separate us, and what Réville has called "the inanity of all these discussions in matters which exceed the capacity of our intelligence," then will be seen the folly of saying, "We forbade him, because he followeth not with us;" and such a whisper will not be heard in all the land.

The devils are legion; and all who are striving to cast them out are the friends of Jesus. Wherever there is a man doing what in him lies, in the spirit of Jesus, to check political corruption or municipal incompetence, gambling or drunkenness, prurient literature or degrading amusements, false or inadequate conceptions of the Bible or religion, disintegrating views of private duty or social morality, there is a man—whether his methods be unconventional or not, whether he "follows with us" or not—who deserves a royal welcome from all who count themselves the friends of Jesus. "Forbid him not," says Jesus. We may indeed, in an unconsidered enthusiasm for the cause we love, defy this solemn word of Jesus; and if we please, we may rebuke or persecute the man whose chief crime is that he "followeth not with us." But let us not forget that "inasmuch as ye did it unto him, ye did it unto me."

Refusal by Louisville, Ky., public school officials to admit four Filipino youths to study in the schools of the city on the ground of their color shows how the racial discrimination of the South works against the highest interests of the nation in its task of elevating the standards of intelligence among the Filipinos.

Bishop Huntington as His Neighbors Saw Him

By Rev. Edward N. Packard, D. D.

For all the years of my home in Syracuse I have lived within a few minutes' walk of my dear and venerated friend, Bishop Huntington, so that I could speak of him as the woman of Shunem did of the prophet, "Behold now I perceive that this is an holy man of God that passeth by us continually." His house belonged to the diocese, and was representative in all its appointments of the great man who has just gone from us, mourned by all the people. Within, it is a fine example of Christian simplicity, with its spacious rooms where the furnishings do not attract your attention and yet where an atmosphere of refinement and high breeding impress you. Multitudes of pilgrims found their way to that house and always met a cordial welcome.

It was a pleasure, not too often to be indulged, for the Bishop was a tireless worker and gave his time to a wearisome number of visitors, to sit by the open fire in his pleasant study and hear his voice. His speech was always with grace seasoned with salt. He was surrounded with books, a broad table filled the middle of the room on which he did his writing, a litany desk stood on one side and a lectern held a large, illuminated Scriptural lesson for the day. From that dignified and yet plain abode there went out a steady stream of beneficence.

It was in keeping with the genius of the family that its members did not identify themselves with the large, wealthy, central St. Paul's, but with struggling young missions where their presence told and their self-denying work was needed. Miss Arria Huntington has long stood at the head of various lines of social service, especially giving herself to the care of the Shelter for Unprotected Girls which the Bishop established years ago. The shelter is related to the courts of the city and is under state supervision, but its support comes through private channels. Little children are taken from unfavorable surroundings before they are old enough to go astray, and older girls are sentenced to live there for a while when their cases are not beyond hope. The Hospital of the Good Shepherd, founded by the Bishop, is now a large, fully equipped institution to which a Nurses' Training School is attached. It stands near the Bishop's home, and we often saw him making his way to the place to conduct prayers for the inmates and to scatter blessings as he passed through the wards.

Within recent years his form has become bent and his step has grown feeble, and yet it was only two years ago that he yielded to the urgency of his friends and allowed a coadjutor to be appointed. It was wonderful to note the frequency of his journeys over his diocese of 12,000 square miles in which there came to be almost a hundred and fifty churches for him to oversee. He did not hesitate to undertake a trip by rail and stage or sleigh in northern New York in January or March when he would be obliged to ride, after leaving the train, over miles of snowdrifts. In the old days when horse cars used to haul us up University

Hill I once sat opposite him when his seat broke down. He recovered himself in an instant, and when I expressed satisfaction that his Episcopal seat was not so unsteady he said that he had often wondered why a bishop was always represented as sitting in some town; for his part he found it hard to find time to sit much anywhere.

He impressed one at once as a man of utmost simplicity and indifference to outward show. He was a strong churchman but he never made you think of it while he was with you, discussing with his alert, broad, thoroughly informed mind, some great moral problem. He was an illustration of reversal to type in that he was essentially a New England puritan without a trace of narrow asceticism or of a determination to mold every one to his own way of thinking. The Unitarianism in which he was educated was almost accidental, as any one may see who reads the story of his mother's excommunication from the Orthodox church in Hadley and his father's entering, as so many godly men did at that early day, the primitive form of Unitarianism. Bishop Huntington had to come back by a leap over one generation to the essential faith of his ancestors which he illustrated and preached through forty of his greatest years and in which he passed to his long rest.

It was my privilege, as one living near to him, to be delegated now and then to call upon him to enlist his co-operation in some scheme for the good of the city and to find him cautious about giving himself away to useless plans and yet most hearty in the support of those that commended themselves to his interest. He was generous in the distribution of his money and some said that he gave away his whole salary every year. When Miss Stone was in bondage he started a subscription for her with a large sum.

He was entirely indifferent to denominational lines when it came to questions affecting the public good. When the Christian Workers' Convention came here several years ago, under John Collins's leadership, he made a splendid opening address, though not an Episcopalian was on the program. It was enough that various kinds of practical service to the prisoner, the fallen, the outcast and forgotten were to be discussed. He was in his element with such workers. A reservation for a few hundred Onondaga Indians lies within ten miles of this city and he has for years watched their interests in the way of good legislation and missionary labors. He led the long siege against the Oneida Community which succeeded in winding up its iniquitous features and in banishing John H. Noyes from the state. He was a constant student of labor problems and his pastoral addresses and sermons ring with his call to righteousness between man and man.

Occasionally he found time, in his great labors, to give a short course of lectures or sermons to which everybody was welcome. I listened to such a course in the chapel of St. Paul's Church, some years

ago, on the Incarnation. I believe they were never published. But what a charm there was in his style, what a depth of spirituality, vigorous grasp of the essential elements of the problems involved! What exquisite tenderness he showed! Have we had such a master of English as he was? He had an intuitive sense of the right word, the right phrase, the right balance, and there was a poetic, inward glow about it all. I have often waked myself up by reading some of his sermons on Christian Believing and Living, which marked his passage from Unitarianism to the evangelical faith, or by the incisive, searching, humbling addresses on Personal Christian Life in the Ministry.

In politics he called himself a "hopeless mugwump." That meant that he was an independent voter whom neither party could rely upon without reasons given. He felt deeply the corruption prevailing in practical politics, as it is called, and hailed a reform candidate where there was any hope of him. One day he sat down beside me in the car and said, "My brother, this is Whitsuntide, but the Light is not personal. Tell whom I should vote for in the city election." He was not an expansionist. The impression of such a life, thirty-five years of which were spent in this city, has been profound, although he never seemed to realize it. Everybody knew him and watched him as he passed by or stopped to chat for a moment with a friend. If his natural force has abated within two or three years, his eye has not grown dim. It was a shrewd, keen but kindly eye that spoke the master among men. We forgot his office—we who are of other folds, in revering the man who spoke to us of God and eternity when we thought of him or saw him about the streets. He has left a benediction upon us all.

Syracuse, N. Y.

A New Missionary for China



Rev. Charles A. Stanley, Jr.

First Church of Keene, N. H., has adopted as its special missionary Rev. Charles A. Stanley, Jr., and he was recently ordained there in the presence of a large congregation. Second Church joined with First in this interesting service. Professor Jacobus of Hartford Seminary preached the ordination sermon; Rev. W. E. Locke, formerly a missionary in Bulgaria, offered the prayer; Rev. E. P. Drew, pastor of the home church, extended fellowship; and the charge was given by Sec. Judson Smith of the American Board, who had preached on missions in the morning.

Mr. Stanley is under appointment by the American Board as a missionary to Shai-wu, South China, where he and his wife expect to begin work about Nov. 1. He has already spent ten years in China. He was born there about twenty years ago of missionary stock, his father being Rev. Charles A. Stanley of the North China Mission. The young man received his education at Marietta College and Hartford Seminary. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are on their way to the Pacific coast, whence they will sail for China.

How Basketry Helped in Church Work

By Lois Allyn Mason

I had learned to make reed baskets, and, casting about for some practical use to which I could put my knowledge, bethought me of our church, which was being remodeled. It was August, and I decided to start a class among the girls of our Sunday school and have a Christmas sale for the benefit of the church. So I invited three young ladies to my home, and gave them lessons in basketry. We met once a week for three weeks on the back piazza, and I taught them how to cut the reeds, start, make and finish a basket—in return, asking them to pledge their help to me in my work among the younger girls. This they readily agreed to do.

About the middle of October serious work was begun by inviting the girls of two Sunday school classes, about fourteen years old, to attend a basket class at my home the coming Saturday afternoon. About eight came this first afternoon, and, with the help of the three young ladies, we began to teach them. They were enthusiastic and learned easily. The next week another class of younger girls was included in the invitation. This Saturday fifteen came, and the next Sunday a notice like this was read in Sunday school: "The girls' class in basketry will meet with Mrs. M. Saturday afternoon from two to five o'clock."

About forty girls came, and we had our hands full, but a number of small mats and baskets had been previously started and all who had been at the previous meetings became helpers, showing the new girls how to weave. The little ones, six and seven years old were given raffia, shown how to braid it nicely, and later taught to sew it into dolls' hats. The object of making the baskets, to help in the remodeling of our church, was explained to the girls, and they were all delighted to feel that they could have a personal share, even though a small one, in this good work.

Children love to create things with their hands. They also love to see results, and one gets such quick results in reed basketry. The class was popular from this time on until Dec. 18, when we had our sale, and the children were enthusiastic and happy in their work, never wishing to stop at the end of the

allotted time. It was, "Please can't I start one more basket," or "Just let me finish this mat," over and over. One mother said, "My little girl talks of nothing but that basket class."

A great variety of baskets were made—large and small—workbaskets, fern holders, twine holders, babies' rattles with tiny bells inside, hair receivers, bottoms for silken bags, mats for teapots, and cute dolls' hats, put up in tiny boxes made of cardboard, "Just like mamma's."

Each child was encouraged to carry out her



own idea in the making and shaping of the basket and some of the shapes were exquisite and artistic. After the basket was woven, it was tinted a delicate shade and became an object of beauty.

Early in December the class had finished about one hundred baskets and we decided to have a sale. A committee was chosen and they decided to join with our Endeavor Society in a fair and sale at the Town Hall. The Endeavorers gave a play and chocolate, with cake and homemade candy were for sale. Posters, hand-decorated, were placed in the stores, announcing:

BASKET SALE TOWN HALL, DEC. 18.

The net proceeds, after paying all expenses, including materials, were about \$65, which will help toward our Church Improvement Fund.

Commencement Degrees

L. L. D.

Adams, Henry C., Ann Arbor, Mich.,
Addams, Miss Jane, Chicago,
Allison, Hon. Wm. B., Dubuque, Io.,
Ames, Jas. B., Cambridge, Mass.,
Ames, Jas. B., Cambridge, Mass.,
Angell, Pres. Jas. B., Ann Arbor, Mich.,
Arellano, Don Cayetano, Chief Justice of
Philippines,
Armstrong, Henry P., State College, Pa.,
Ashton, Dr. Wm. E., Philadelphia,
Bennett, R. J., Chicago,
Botkin, Alex. C., Helena, Mont.,
Bowditch, Henry P., Boston,
Burr, Geo. L., Ithaca, N. Y.,
Bussey, Joseph, N. B. Jr., Cambridge,
Mass.,
Carman, Rev. Albert, Toronto,
Carter, ex-Pres. Franklin, New Haven, Ct.,
Chamberlain, Theo. C., Chicago,
Clark, Greenleaf, Univ. of Minn.,
Coxe, Alfred C., Utica, N. Y.,
DeForest, Robert W., New York,
Dimick, Orlando W., Boston,
Farlow, Prof. Wm. G., Cambridge, Mass.,
Finley, Dr. John H., New York,
Fisk, Herbert F., Evanston, Ill.,
Flynn, Dean Joseph M., Morristown, N. J.,
Frankie, Kuno, Cambridge, Mass.,
Gillman, Dr. Daniel C., Baltimore, Md.,
Greene, Col. Jacob L., Hartford, Ct.,
Gross, Prof. Chas., Cambridge, Mass.,
Hale, Rev. Edward Everett,
Hall, Prof. Geo. E., Univ. of Chicago,
Hall, Isaac F., Greenfield, Mass.,
Halsted, Wm. S., Johns Hopkins Univ.,

Wisconsin Univ.,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Lenox,
Harvard,
Williams,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Yale,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Ursinus,
Wheaton,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Univ. of Pa.,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Northwestern Univ.,
Williams,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Dartmouth,
Columbia,
Dartmouth,
Yale,
Dartmouth,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Northwestern Univ.,
Northwestern Univ.,
Seton Hall,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Trinity,
Williams,
Belmont,
Dartmouth,
Yale,

Hanford, Cornelius Holgate, U. S. Dis-

trict Judge,
Harlan, Pres. Richard D., Lake Forest,
Ill.,
Harper, Pres. Wm. R., Chicago,
Harris, Abram W., Port Deposit, Md.,
Harrison, Wm. W., Philadelphia,
Hersey, E. L. M., Cambridge, Mass.,
Holt, Geo. C., New York,
Howells, Wm. Dean, New York,
Huntington, Pres. Wm. E., Boston,
James, D. Willis, New York,
Joussand, Jean A., Paris,
Kelley, Wm. S., New York,
La Farge, John, New York,
Lawrence, Bishop Wm., Cambridge, Mass.,
Lewald, Theo., Cambridge, Mass.,
Locke, Jesse A., Hackensack, N. J.,
Lodge, Henry Cabot, U. S. Senator, Mass.,
Logan, Jas., New York City,
Mable, Hamilton Wright, New York,
McDowell, Rev. Wm. F.,
McCarte, Robert H., Newark, N. J.,
McKelvey, St. Clair, Brooklyn, N. Y.,
McSweeney, Rev. Patrick F., New York,
McVicker, Bishop Wm. N., Providence,
R. I.,
Moody, Wm. H., Sec. of Navy,
Nichols, Wm. H., New York,
O'Gorman, Jas. A., New York,
Osler, Wm., Prof. Johns Hopkins,
Osterhaus, Maj.-Gen. Peter, Germany,
Parker, Amasa J., Albany, N. Y.,
Parsons, Frank N., Franklin, N. H.,
Penfield, Sam'l S., New Haven, Ct.,
Peterson, Dr. Wm., Montreal,

Whitman,
Union,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Wesleyan,
Ursinus,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Yale,
Western Reserve,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Amherst,
Princeton,
Univ. of Pa.,
Seton Hall,
Princeton,
Western Reserve,
Denver Univ.,
Princeton,
Villa Nova,
Brown,
Amherst,
Lafayette,
Villa Nova,
Harvard,
Northwestern Univ.,
Union,
Dartmouth,
Wisconsin Univ.,
Wisconsin Univ.,

Philbrin, Eugene A., New York,
Poe, John P., Baltimore, Md.,
Putnam, Herbert, Washington, D. C.,
Rogers, Howard J., New York,
Root, Edwin, Washington, D. C.,
Salisbury, Prof. E. B., Univ. of Chicago,
Sayres, Wm. S., Detroit, Mich.,
Schaeffer, Nathan C., Lancaster, Pa.,
Sedgwick, Hon. S. H., York, Neb.,
Shaw, Albert, New York,
Spaulding, Bishop John L., Peoria, Ill.,
Stimson, Daniel M., New York,
Taylor, Hannis, Washington, D. C.,
Teller, Henry M., Central City, Col.,
Toy, Crawford H., Cambridge, Mass.,
Treves, Sir Frederick, London,
Tufts, Prof. Jas. H., Chicago Univ.,
Turner, Geo., Spokane, Wn.,
Van Hise, Chas. R., Madison, Wis.,
Wall, Franklin P., Cambridge, Mass.,
Wallace, John F.,
Wheeler, Pres. Benj. L., Berkeley, Cal.,
Wilson, Bishop Luther B., Baltimore, Md.,
Wood, Dr. H. C., Philadelphia, Pa.,
Woodward, Dean Robert S., New York, Wisconsin Univ.

D. D.

Anderson, Rev. Asher, Boston,
Anderson, Rev. H. L., Newton Center,
Mass.,
Anderson, Rev. Jas. M., Duluth, Minn.,
Armstrong, Rev. E. C.,
Bailey, Rev. E. D., Brooklyn,
Bickford, Rev. John H., Wilkesbarre, Pa.,
Brown, Rev. Edward S., Cambridge, Mass.,
Cary, Rev. Otis, Japan,
Chaffee, Rev. Amasa L., Oswego, N. Y.,
Copeland, Rev. Arthur, Syracuse, N. Y.,
Dalton, Rev. Herman G., Syracuse, N. Y.,
Eccleston, Rev. J. Houston, Baltimore,
Md.,
Faulce, Pres. Wm. H., Brown Univ.,
Fullerton, Pres. Edw. G., Wilkesbarre, Pa.,
Gill, Rev. Benjamin, State College, Pa.,
Greene, Rev. Samuel, Seattle, Wn.,
Gulick, Rev. Geo. W., Wallkill, N. Y.,
Hill, Rev. Chas. A., Salisbury, Md.,
Hitchings, Rev. Horace B., New York,
Jackson, Rev. T. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
James, Rev. Horace P., No. Yakima, Wn.,
Kincaid, Rev. Wm. N., Honolulu,
King, Pres. Henry C., Oberlin, O.,
Laird, Rev. John B., Philadelphia,
Mason, Rev. J. H., Batavia, N. Y.,
Means, Rev. Stewart, New Haven, Ct.,
Millard, Rev. Chas. W., New York,
Munger, Rev. Theo. T., New Haven, Ct.,
Nelson, Rev. Richard H., Albany, N. Y.,
Orvis, Rev. G. M., Dubuque, Io.,
Peabody, Rev. Endicott, Groton, Mass.,
Plass, Rev. Norman, Topeka, Kan.,
Post, Rev. Martin L., Joy Prairie, Ill.,
Proch, Pres. Wm., Dubuque, Io.,
Reed, Rev. Joseph G., Salem, N. J.,
Rowland, Rev. Geo. M., Japan,
Sarrow, Rev. John M., Baltimore, Md.,
Smith, Rev. Daniel F., Evanston, Ill.,
Smith, Rev. Rowland C., Washington, D. C.,
Stevens, Rev. Edwin F., Albany, N. Y.,
Todd, Rev. Geo. L., Havana, Cuba,
Wallace, Rev. Geo. R., Spokane, Wn.,
Wharf, Rev. T. H. W., Nachlas, Me.,
Zelle, Rev. John S., Plainfield, N. J.,

Iowa.

Brown Univ.,
Williams,
Lafayette,
Wheaton,
Wesleyan,
Trinity,
Amherst,
Dickinson,
Syracuse Univ.,
Syracuse Univ.,
Princeton,
Harvard,
Lafayette,
Wesleyan,
Whitman,
Rutgers,
Dickinson,
Trinity,
Union,
Whitman,
Williams,
Yale,
Lafayette,
Brown Univ.,
Yale,
Trinity,
Wesleyan,
Harvard,
Trinity,
Lenox,
Harvard,
Williams,
Wheaton,
Muhlenberg,
Dickinson,
Middlebury,
Dickinson,
Bowdoin,
Syracuse Univ.,
Wheaton,
Whitman,
Syracuse Univ.,
Williams,

Ph. D.

Byrd, Miss Mary E., Smith College,
Pressy, Rev. E. S., St. Paul, Minn.,
Blanchard, Miss Julia W., Wheaton, Ill.,
Bridgman, Herbert L., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
Cooke, Robt. A., New Brunswick, N. J.,
Danforth, Miss Lucia E., Northfield,
Minn.,
Goodyear, Wm. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
Gulick, Rev. Geo. W., Wallkill, N. Y.,
Guthrie, Wm. D., New York,
Haynes, Rev. Artemas J., New Haven, Ct.,
Hummel, Frank M., Manlius, N. Y.,
Johnson, Alex. F., Despatch, N. Y.,
Kyle, D. Braden, Philadelphia,
Lindsay, Judge Benj. L., Denver, Col.,
McLean, Geo. P., Gov. of Ct.,
Merwin, Sam'l E., New Haven, Ct.,
Milliken, Conrad O., New York,
Murphy, Edgar G., Montgomery, Ala.,
Parsons, Alfred, Davenport, Io.,
Pinchot, Gifford, Washington, D. C.,
Pratt, Frederic B., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
Rawson, Alonzo, Havana, Ill.,
Rogers, Howard J., Albany, N. Y.,
Rubrecht, Geo. K., Philadelphia,
Simpson, Wm. E., Roxborough, Pa.,
De Tavera, Faedo, Philippine Islands,
Van Woert, Henry S., New Brunswick,
N. J.,
White, William H., Lewiston, Me.,
Whitman, Hon. Chas. A., New York,

Litt. D.

Aylesworth, Barton O.,
Barlow, Jane,
Baxter, Jas. P., Portland, Me.,
Bennett, Chas. E., New York,
Cable, Geo. W., Northampton, Mass.,
Gardiner, Chas. A., New York,
Howells, William D., New York,
Johnston, Rev. John W., New York,
McKlin, Chas. F.,
Mundy, E. W., Syracuse, N. Y.,
Perry, Bliss, Cambridge, Mass.,
Richman, Irving B., Muscatine, Io.,
Riggs, Mrs. Geo. C., New York,
Zimmerman, Col. Thos. C., Reading, Pa.,

L. H. D.

(Doctor of Humanities)
Henderson, Ernest F., New York,
Kuhn, L. Oscar, Middletown, Ct.,
Learned, Marion D., Philadelphia, Pa.,
Morris, Prof. Edward P., New Haven, Ct.,

S. T. D.

Greer, David H., New York,
Neison, Rev. R. H., Albany, N. Y.,
Van Allen, Rev. Wm. H., Boston,

Mus. Doc.

Damrosch, Frank H., New York,
Egbert, Wm. G., Ithaca, N. Y.,
Littlehaues, Miss Lillian, Syracuse, N. Y.,

D. C. L.

(Doctor of Civil Laws)
Gardiner, Chas. A., New York,
Von Sternburg, Baron Jesse, Germany,

D. Sc.

Chittenden, Prof. Russell Henry, New
Haven,
Dock, Geo., Ann Arbor, Mich.,
Freeman, John R., Providence, R. I.,
De Vries, Hugo, Amsterdam,
Venabie, Pres. Francis P., Univ. of N. C.,

Univ. of Pa.,
Univ. of Pa.,
Brown Univ.,
Columbia,
Lafayette,

The Home and Its Outlook

The Brave Little Man

Little and old and poorly clad,
He sat in the car that was outward bound;
His back was curved, but his smile was glad
As if, forgetting the ill he had,
He thought of some pleasure newly found.

Nature had bowed him down, in scorn
Had bent his body and spoiled his chance;
Doubtless his mother had learned to mourn
On the day that her luckless son was born,
But the glory of hope was in his glance.

Little old man, with the curving spine,
I saw the smile on your hopeful face,
And what are such poor little woes as mine
That I should ever again repine
Or think of the world as a cheerless place?

—S. E. Kiser.

IN 1870, says the *New York Times*, there was not a single apartment house on Manhattan Island above the pretensions of a tenement house. Now the island is full of them, and little else enters the mind of the speculative builder as a possible source of profit. Last year only fifty-six private dwelling houses were put up in New York and the plans for the first half of the present year are for only thirty, more than half of them in the semisuburban region of Washington Heights. In other words, the largest city in the land in its central district has become altogether a nest of human hives—tenements, apartments and family hotels—and the separate home is a rapidly disappearing factor in its life. The consequences of this radical social change are already deeply felt in the life of the city. Parents are driven to the suburbs. The city becomes more and more a devourer and less and less a replenisher of life. Its children are the children of the tenements, and the vast hives of more pretentious or more comfortable homes are childless. Life has ceased to be normal, so far as any conditions known hitherto in America are concerned. The problem of the Church becomes increasingly difficult and the temptations to selfish living are multiplied. New York is yet alone in the extent of this, which we can only call an evil tendency, but it already has some foothold even in cities with so wide an extent of available building space as Boston and Chicago.

IN Mrs. Jane Dearborn Mills's helpful book on the mother's art and opportunity, which she happily calls *The Mother-Artist*, is a sentence which perplexed mothers of little children should ponder. She is telling of a mother's difficulty with the amazing capacity for arguing questions of conduct which a little child develops. "You learned then," she says, "that the time for reasoning with a child is when he has no personal interest in the matter." If this wise rule seems difficult of application it is either because the mother has too often and too arbitrarily laid down the law and failed to enforce it with quiet and unruffled authority: or because having had her way in fact, she does not consider the principle which lay at the basis of her command important enough

to the child's life to take it up in some dispassionate moment and explain and illustrate it to the child's understanding. Children are interested in principles of conduct and capable of right judgments in regard to them when they are brought before them without the entanglement of personal desire which is so strong in the childish mind. No contest of will be-

tween mother and child should ever come without involving a principle, and every such contest should suggest a lesson to be taught and illustrated to that child in some quiet after time "when he has no personal interest in the matter." Nor need the principle be applied to the ended dispute, the child will make his own application if the principle is made clear.

Mrs. Stansbury's Substitute

BY HELEN CAMPBELL

The young minister had settled definitely that the church suppers, so-called, must take on other features than the one of eating and drinking most in evidence on his arrival in the town where all the men were what New England knows as "good providers" and all the women good preparers. Barton had long ago earned the reputation of a town in which there was more good eating than in the rest of the county put together. Summer boarders in surrounding villages were well aware of this fact, and besieged every door for entrance, most of them refusing flatly to open. Boarders were more plague than profit, it had long ago been settled. Why should any quite comfortably-off Barton matron toil over a cook stove for these city cormorants, crying always, "More! More!" Cottagers, even though profuse buyers of eggs and butter and cream, were in hardly greater favor. In short, the town liked to choose its own society, and considered its own resources quite sufficient for the general entertainment.

This was the verdict for the public at large, but when Dr. Stansbury, great-nephew of old Judge Stansbury the oldest inhabitant, lately dead of apoplexy, decided to use the old place as a summer home, the village gave prompt approval. Nobody knew him very well, since the famous physician, driven by countless calls for his services from many points outside his own city, seldom had more than a day or two at a time with his family, to his sorrow and their own, his five boys certain that no man alive had ever equaled him. Mrs. Stansbury however, staying every year as far as possible into the autumn, almost filled his place, and had been accepted as final authority on all disputed questions as to manners, morals and life in general. Naturally then the young minister turned to her for suggestion as to how the church socials might add a little solid instruction and suggestion to the certainly solid and most succulent supper, for the second one of which she had promised to talk on, *Some Twentieth Century Methods with Life*.

THE DOCTOR'S HOME COMING

The day had come and late in the afternoon Dr. Stansbury had appeared unexpectedly and, as he saw the lower rooms empty, sprang up the stairs like a boy, and like a boy also called as he went.

"Mary, Mary! Where are you? Now what does this mean?" he added, as a pale and apologetic face raised itself from the pillow and then fell back again.

"I am so sorry, dear Ware, but I really

can't. It's as bad as crossing the Channel."

"You can't mean that you are realizing a stomach, Mary? I thought you dropped all that nonsense years ago."

"So I did," Mrs. Stansbury groaned, holding hard to his warm, gentle hand, "but then, you see, I didn't know Barton. Three lunches this week, each one with more good things than the last and all so delicious—I really didn't know how nice they were, you know, till I found myself feeling so wretched this morning. And it's the church social too, and my talk and all and I cannot lift my head. You must take my place dear, and don't look at me like that as if I were some new kind of unpleasant insect. I vow and declare I will not be so tempted again; I mean I won't yield to temptation, but O, how I wish there were not so many things to eat! Will you take my place, Ware?"

"I will, by George!" her husband replied with unexpected emphasis, and addressed himself to alleviation.

Thus it happened as the delightful supper ended and the eaters thereof, purring as it were with supreme content, took their places in the little auditorium, that an expectant pause ensued.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST

"Mrs. Stansbury is not with us but is so prompt in all engagements, that she must soon be here," the young minister said at last a little nervously, but at that moment the door opened, and there entered a tall man who made his way quietly to the platform; erect, square-shouldered, with iron-gray hair waving a little where its close cut allowed, and dark eyes that rested quietly yet with a hint of twinkle in them, on the interested faces before him.

"He's as fascinating as she is," whispered an enthusiastic parishioner, and the minister who had listened for a moment to some low-spoken words glanced at the slip of paper handed him, then came forward, with a smile which held a touch of bewilderment.

"We are most fortunate in this unexpected privilege," he said. "Dr. Stansbury will speak to us this evening on *Love's Labor Lost*, and will undoubtedly find a message for us in the great play of the master poet. I take greatest pleasure in introducing to you Dr. Ware Stansbury."

The tall man for a moment seemed to hesitate as he bowed to the speaker, then faced his audience which, as is the manner of New England, was more than two-

thirds a feminine one, pausing a moment with a long, slow look which seemed to take in and classify every one of the people whose eyes were fixed upon him expectantly. Then he smiled, so captivating and contagious a smile, that all beamed back unanimously.

"I take perhaps an unfair advantage of this most unexpected opportunity in using it for my own purposes," he said slowly. "It is women to whom I speak tonight, an appeal to each one here to seek a clearer apprehension of her responsibilities in a matter on which perhaps she has never really thought."

Again he paused for a moment, every eye intent upon him. "My title you have all heard. I gave it involuntarily, as your minister asked my topic, and hold to it. Love's Labor Lost, but often plus another loss—that of the one for whom such labor perpetuates itself. I am here on my way from a call more and more familiar and frequent as time goes on—a critical operation for a case of appendicitis—a man-made disease, as unnecessary as most diseases and, like many others, fostered and developed chiefly at the hands of women."

A stir went through the audience, but the great physician went on quietly. "If you answer what is to follow you would probably say that it is men who crave and will have the extraordinary combinations and complications found in the fashionable lunch or dinner menu, yet this craving and demand have been born from the utterly false standard as to food, its nature, its preparation and its service; a standard accepted and lived up to as thoroughly as possible by every woman who forms a part of what we call good society."

A FASHIONABLE MENU

"I am not nor have I ever been a 'food crank.' I am not here to recommend the newest breakfast food or to urge asceticism. On the contrary, I would urge a far better knowledge of pure flavor and its charms and the study of food properties and rational and harmonious combinations as the bounden duty and high privilege of every mistress of a home. But precisely as what you call 'trimming' at present overloads the dress one sees at social functions, as mad an incongruity as fur on exquisite hand-wrought laces, so is general complication in the preparation and serving of food taken as a necessity. I have here and submit to your consideration, from the cookery department of a popular magazine, read, it is said, by several million women, the following receipt for cold *hors-d'œuvre* for a small dinner party, its title, Sardine or Anchovy *Eclair*. I take for granted you are all familiar with the, to me, technical terms, *choux-paste*, etc., which my wife has explained to me," and Dr. Stansbury read slowly, as if still studying each line, the receipt in question:

Prepare *choux-paste*, and, using a tube with half-inch opening, press the paste on to buttered baking pans, in strips about two and a half inches long and three-fourths of an inch wide. Bake in an oven with a strong heat below, until a cake feels light when taken up in the hand. When cold split on one side and fill with the following mixture: Pound in a mortar half a cup of sardine or anchovy fillets, one-fourth of a cup of butter and four hard-boiled yolks of eggs, and pass through a sieve. Season highly with tobacco, salt if needed, mustard at discretion and a few drops of

lemon juice, then fold in one-fourth of a cup of whipped cream, measured after whipping, and add more seasoning if needed. Dip the flat side of each *éclair* into a highly flavored brown or tomato chaudiroid sauce, and decorate with bits of hard-boiled white of egg or truffle or both. Serve on small plates covered with paper doilies.

"The form for tomato sauce follows this," he continued, "the usual one, it is stated, with an addition of half an ounce of gelatine softened in quarter of a cup of cold water, then stirred in the hot sauce till dissolved, the *éclairs* when prepared to be dipped in this when it has stiffened sufficiently, and all to be brushed over with liquid aspic jelly, which in turn stiffens or sets before using and itself is prepared by another complicated process and includes many ingredients."

"Here, then, you have in the compass of a cake when baked some three inches long by one wide and thick, seventeen different ingredients, all designed to stimulate an appetite jaded probably by a lunch prepared on the same general principles as the dinner. For both are the same interminable processes, pounding, whipping, straining and chopping for the final touch of bits of white of egg, or truffle—in this case both. And this is but introduction to the real dinner, what follows being equally bejuggled from soup to roast, *entrée*, and all the file of attendant sauces, to the *pousse café* rightly named. It is quite safe to say, then, that the average fashionable dinner contains, under the system of which this receipt I have read would seem the keynote, not less than fifty ingredients."

THE MUCH-ENDURING STOMACH

"The stomach is a sturdy organ. It bears much from its owners, and it works energetically to dispose of all that is offered it, but at these combinations it revolts, or rather remains powerless, and no form of medicine, patent or special prescription, can hinder natural results. The business man born under simpler conditions of living, but whose money is made in the present rush and stress of business methods, is tempted afresh long after natural appetite is satisfied, and presently we have another case of appendicitis, daily more common as these methods with food become more possible to the aspiring woman who seeks to become a part of that curiously and elusively indefinable thing we call 'society.'"

"If this were a medical lecture I would show you inch by inch, as it were, what these combinations stand for, and the madness of making the human stomach their receptacle. For what is the first office of food? To build a body; to give to each cell of the wonderful structure, its own congenial and needed nourishment, that so each stone in the human temple be laid fair and free from all blemish, its mission the building up of a home whose substance refines day by day, in which the spirit may dwell untroubled and unhampered to the end."

"Leave these extremes. Come down to the great middle class, who follow these models as closely as they may, and it is still true that love's labor is lost and worse than lost, in countless preparations that bejuggle food and tempt to constant over-eating. I am aware of the great wave of interest in simplification of food that has come in with advanced physical culture, with some definite thought as to

simpler life as a whole, as well as with new and saner methods of treating disease. We doctors give less and less medicine, but the matter of right food as the real medicine is but in its infancy."

THE MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY

"What you as women will do with your children; how far you yourselves will think out into self-control, which will act quietly and insensibly on them, on the whole question, who shall say? That great numbers of women are seeking earnestly the best way I know, but the mass are still untaught, and the results are in our enormous asylums for idiots and defectives, or form the material out of which arises what we call the present epidemic of crime. As to the temperance question, no woman who offers husband, son or guest seventeen ingredients in a single *hors-d'œuvre* need wonder that too much wine is taken and later something stronger than wine."

"The food habit carried to its extreme is as pernicious as the drink habit—temperance, a new thought about it all, the only way of escape; yet so rooted and grounded are most of us in superfluities that change is almost impossible. The more need then for all mothers to study the laws of food under intelligent direction, the laws of life as a whole, and realize that one word is the keynote to the whole matter—simplification. No less beauty, but more and higher; no less comfort, but more, since every faculty will work more surely and happily when freed from the perpetual overweight and strain born of our methods with the body. The life is more than meat, yet the meat also may be life when the body sees that every atom of food provided is in its truest form, each meal a consecrated one, yet a joy no less, and infinitely more than this business of repletion and its miserable results. Nor is it to be matter of fussy, nerve-wearing worry and discussion, but a quiet working out into light. It can come and it will come to every honest seeker for the best, and the love's labor lost of today, turn to a wiser love, no more loss—infinite gain for each one of us."

"I have been sinner, my friends, with the rest, till experience pointed the way out. It is my business also to face the music for those who have not yet found it. It is yours to lessen the numbers of those who may come under my hands, or the hands of the hundreds of surgeons forced in spite of themselves to face this new disease. I shall then count this little congregation a new ally and believe that this very unexpected chance for speech with you, has its own meaning and will bear good fruit. I have to thank you for your patient attention and make haste to the train which carries me to another case."

He was gone as he spoke, and the audience went home silently as if the hour had held a commination service. But at latest accounts a section had been formed for the study of "food and feeding," and a rising vote had settled definitely that no dish holding seventeen ingredients should ever appear on a Barton table, or be included in those taught in any cooking school they had power to influence. And as this is a true record, there may presently be other results to give for those who read it as it stands today.

For the Children

How Mouse and Sneezzer Helped

BY BELLE S. CRAGIN

Once there was a lady whose name was Aunt Lucy, and a very little girl whom everybody called Dot, and a wide-awake little cat named Mouse.

These three lived in the country in a large white house with green blinds and wide piazzas. Across the road from the house was the pasture, and near the pasture-bars was a great spreading tree which ought to have borne red apples, but never did because it was not trained properly when it was little, and so grew more bushy and useless the longer it lived.

Right beside the apple tree was a wild grapevine, and this had reached its long arms all around and over the tree until it made a shady arbor where Aunt Lucy used to come to work, and Dot used to come to keep Aunt Lucy company, and Mouse used to come because Dot did. Beyond the arbor the ground sloped down to a noisy, shallow brook where the cows drank, and Dot often played.

One day they were all in the arbor together. Aunt Lucy was knitting a pair of white bed socks to keep Grandma Cary's toes warm in the cold nights next winter. She had finished one sock and laid it away in her bureau drawer, and now she was beginning the other. Dot was swinging her doll to sleep in the hammock, and Mouse was sitting with his sharp little eyes fixed on a hole in the wall, watching for a real mouse. A drove of turkeys was wandering around not far off, looking for grasshoppers, and the tame peacock made them a call and spread out his beautiful tail for them to admire. The air was warm and still.

By and by Dot had swung her doll and herself to sleep together. Mouse grew tired of watching a hole that nothing came out of, and he curled down in the grass and went to sleep, too. And before Aunt Lucy knew it she was nodding over her knitting, and the ball of white yarn rolled out of her lap and right down in front of Mouse's nose. But he did not know it, and there they were, all three fast asleep.

Suddenly the dinner-bell rang. Aunt Lucy jumped up in a hurry, but Dot did not wake, and Mouse did not care anyway, because he knew they never rang the bell for his dinner. So Aunt Lucy picked up her work, took Dot and the doll out of the hammock together, and carried them to the house. But she did not notice that she left the white ball behind, and that the yarn was trailing after her across the road, growing gray with dust, and catching seeds and burrs. Dot was such a solid little girl that Aunt Lucy did not feel the pull of the yarn. She dropped her knitting into a chair on the porch and hurried sleepy Dot off to be washed and combed.

Meanwhile, the white ball bumped softly against Mouse's nose, and then went jerking and bouncing away so invitingly that Mouse stopped in the middle of a great yawn and bounced after it. Then there was famous fun for a few minutes, and by the time Aunt Lucy had reached the house Mouse and the ball had frolicked themselves down the little hill, and Mouse

had wound the yarn twice round a clump of goldenrod and then bitten it in two and rolled the ball into the brook.

It did not sink at once, it was so light and woolly, but it bobbed about on the water and at last floated gayly away down stream and was never heard of again. Mouse followed on the bank until he saw a red squirrel race along a stone wall, and then he ran after that and troubled himself no more about the white ball.

When Aunt Lucy discovered what had happened to her knitting she was sorry. At first she thought Dot had lost the ball, but then she recollected that Dot had been asleep and that she never did any mischief when she was asleep. Papa thought Jack's Billy goat might have eaten it, for Mamma had always said that Billy once ate up her rubbers. Anyway, she never could find them, and if Billy didn't eat them, who did? Jack said the birds might have taken the yarn to build their nests, but Mamma asked Jack if birds built nests in September. Then Dot said perhaps Mouse did it, but Mouse looked so sweet and innocent that they all declared it was not possible.

At last they concluded that Sneezzer was the thief. Sneezzer was a spoiled puppy who could do more mischief in an hour than could be undone in a week, and he was so used to being punished when things were lost or chewed that he did not mind it in the least. He wagged his tail hard when he heard his name spoken and rushed about in search of something to chew by way of expressing his feelings, but they could not whip him because they were not really sure that he had done wrong.

The worst of it was that Aunt Lucy could not match the soft, creamy worsted at any store in town, and in the end she had to give up, and begin a pair of red socks. Grandma Cary, who was one of the sweetest grandmas in the world, said she would just as soon have red socks as white ones—in fact, she thought they might be warmer. What do you think about that?

Well, Aunt Lucy finished one red sock and laid it away with the white one—and what do you suppose happened next? Before she could even begin the other, that naughty Sneezzer stole the red ball out of her basket, and carried it under the piazza and chewed it all to strings! Jack caught him at it. Poor Aunt Lucy was so vexed that she almost cried, and Sneezzer had a smart switching that made him sorry for about five minutes. And then dear old Grandma, who would have worn yellow socks, or green ones, or none at all, rather than have anybody feel bad, said that she was going to wear those socks just as they were. Aunt Lucy declared it was ridiculous, and she should begin another pair that very day, but Grandma said "no," and people always let Grandma have her way.

So that is how it happened that Grandma Cary wore one white bed-sock and one red one all that winter. She said, too, that one was just as warm as the other. I wonder if she was mistaken. Papa, who loved a joke, called the socks "Grandma's Sneezers," but if he had only known he might have named the white one "Mouse," and the red one "Sneezzer."

Tangles

[For the leisure hour recreation of old and young. Any reader who can contribute odd and curious enigmas, etc., of a novel and interesting kind is invited to do so, addressing the Puzzle Editor of The Congregationalist.]

44. LITERARY TANGLE

A PRIZE TANGLE

The answer to every number is the title of some standard book or poem, and is suggested in each sentence:

1. Two ivories missing from a backgammon board.
2. The same found.
3. What a great poet trod on.
4. An unpalatable apple.
5. The music box of the stable.
6. Permanent fear.
7. A black man rented.
8. An artist's companion.
9. A violent storm.
10. Suspending a bird.
11. The volume women like best.
12. A stolen fastening.
13. A row of volumes on the floor.
14. Pius IX's composition.
15. Four of them.
16. A winter's episode.
17. An old tar.
18. A match.
19. A brilliant member of the alphabet.
20. A summer dwelling.
21. "John," said his sister, "what plaything is this?" He answered, "No other *****."
22. An exile.
23. A cold dwelling.
24. A deformed man.
25. A building on silk.
26. A jaunty hat.
27. A lonely place.
28. A command to a boy to speak.
29. A command to a Russian czar to perform agricultural labor.
30. A member of a royal family.
31. Tonsorial artist of a Spanish town.
32. Repeated story.
33. A frivolous entertainment.
34. Just arrived.
35. British tars.
36. Wretched ones.
37. An Irishman asks, "With what shall I write?"
38. Dreams of royalty.
39. A sentimental tour.

V. V.

How many of the titles can you guess? Tangles is interested to know, and to encourage the search offers Whittier's Poetical Works, in a fine illustrated edition, to the sender of the best list. The solutions are to be forwarded within ten days. In case of doubt, the winner will be decided from the two or more nearest complete lists in any way that may seem fairest.

45. CHARADE

To NEXT a FIRST is oft inclined,
While sailing through the sultry town.
The THIRD a tailor brings to mind;
And WHOLE'S an author of great renown.
E. H. PRAY.

46. ALPHABETICAL

(Fill each blank with a letter)

There where the little river *
Flows gently to the west,
To empty in the wider *
The * has built her nest.
And there I sit and sip my *
Or idly lie at **.
And listen to the bumble *
Among the gay sweet **.
From out the * of yon abode
My feet have strayed at will;
No printer's imp my steps can goad
With one more * to fill.
I care not if I * my cock,
And less if rents * high;
I hear the teamster * to Buck,
While beauty fills the *.
All nature seems to take the *
Look ** and dream away;
The lambkin and the sober *;
Would we might dream for *.

DOROTHEA.

ANSWERS

42. Fret-work.

43. Catacombs, catbird, catalpa, dogged, catkins, dogwood, catwaba, dogbrier, dog-days, dog-watch, dog-star, catalans, dog-cart, catechumen, dogmas, dog-eared, catechism, catarrh, catalepsy, cataract, catalogue, doggerel, catamount, category, catapult, dogmatist, caterpillar, cataclysm, catafalque, catatrophe, catsup.

Recent excellent solutions are acknowledged from: Mrs. E. E. Cole, Boston, Mass., to Nos. 39, 40, 41; A. B. H., Newton, Mass., 39, 41; E. B. D., Springfield, Mass., 41; Arthur, Dover, N. H., 40, 41.

Studying Missionary Methods at Northfield

In one sense an experiment, because new, this school, July 11-19, is already an assured success. Its primary object, to promote the plan for united study of missions and to aid leaders of study classes, is accomplished. The eight women of the interdenominational committee appointed last January have been thinking and planning ever since, and these days in Northfield show the results. Women have come from churches of different denominations, near and far, the Congregationalists coming next to the Baptists who take the lead in numbers, but somehow name and differences seem to be mostly forgotten in the work that is done here, although it is pleasant to hear what board a speaker belongs to when she is introduced or recognized in discussion, and to compare methods as they are explained.

The Bible class conducted every morning at nine by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan makes an interesting and instructive beginning of the day, and the summer school students have the benefit as well as the young women who are gathered here just now for a conference upon general Christian work. Each morning an hour is devoted to the United Study Course, the six chapters of Dux Christus, an outline study of Japan, by Dr. William Elliot Griffiths, being taken up on six successive days. Miss Louise M. Hodgkins conducts one class, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery two, Dr. T. H. P. Sailer two and Dr. Griffiths one, and the pencils are kept flying on the pages of the note-books. During the "section work" and "training class" hours practical topics are considered such as interdenominational study classes, foreign mission work among the children and girls, missionary effort in schools and colleges, young women's organizations, the ideal missionary meeting, including duties of officers and committees, missionary literature, Christian stewardship including systematic and proportionate giving, thank offerings, memorials and legacies, also the use of current events.

Miss Stanwood, Miss Kyle, Mrs. C. H. Lamson and several branch officers of W. B. M. are bearing their part, and other prominent workers are Mrs. Sangster, Mrs. N. M. Waterbury, Miss Clementina Butler, Mrs. J. H. Knowles, Mrs. Alonzo Pettie, Mrs. Harriet Newell Jones, Mrs. K. B. Shaffer, and Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter. Meetings on Round Top and in the Auditorium have been full of interest. Missionaries from Africa, Arabia, China, Japan, India and Turkey have come with the story of their experiences. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Beard from Foochow, and Miss Ellen M. Stone. Dr. Griffiths has been here for four days attending every session and answering questions in public and private, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Speer have been active participants. The denominational exhibits of literature and other equipment are fine and the denominational rallies helpful.

E. H. S.

Church Union in the Maritime Provinces

It was worth a long journey to see the Congregational churches of the Maritime Provinces in their annual session, July 6-10, at Keswick Ridge, N. B., eighteen miles north of Fredericton. The Woman's Board had an entire day, with three enthusiastic sessions. The business was transacted in thorough British fashion—well digested in committees, formally moved and seconded and debated incisively and tellingly. The "catechumenate," the "outsider," a concerted movement to free every church from debt, the Congregational (theological) College at Montreal, the tremendous home mission problem of Canada's vast New West, together with foreign missions, and how to secure enough suitable young men for the ministry—for Canada has

a dearth of ministers—were subjects at the front.

But the air was fairly electric with the burning question, union—outward, organic, aggressive—between Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists. Canadian Methodists are Wesleyan. Their organization is simpler than that of Methodism in the states. This helped. The Congregational Union of Ontario and Quebec, on the clear indication that Presbyterians and Methodists were ready, had led the way. The retiring chairman's address, luminous, exhaustive, convincing, was given to the subject. Committee work was careful and prayerful.

On Saturday forenoon, after thorough debate, the appealed action was taken by a unanimous rising vote, and at once there broke forth, "Blest be the tie that binds." It was a memorable sight. Veteran pastors, pillars and ornaments of our polity; stanch merchants, sea captains and farmers, who at great sacrifice had given their working Christian lives to zealous support of Congregational principles; mothers in Israel to whom the Congregational way was like the ark of the covenant—all caught up with the great practical ideal, and voting to make one three chief nonconforming bodies of the Dominion.

But the fellowship of this convocation, the hospitality, the inviting of delegates from house to house for the privilege of breaking bread, the church packed night after night, from a radius of five or ten miles around, the crowd of teams hitched around the church, the people standing outside the windows to listen night after night for lack of room—ah, Christ, not the evil one, is getting Canada!

D. N. B.

THE FORMAL ACTION AT THE ABOVE MEETING

We, . . . the pastors and delegates of the Maritime Congregational churches in annual union assembled, would most reverently co-operate with what we believe to be the hand of God in history, and most heartily with the action of our Canadian brethren of the same ecclesiastical order in Ontario and Quebec, bringing our beliefs and convictions, as far as is possible at the present stage, to a practical point in the following resolution; viz:

Resolved, That, at our present gathering, we appoint a committee to work in connection with the committee already appointed by the Union of Ontario and Quebec, to co-operate with the committees appointed by the Presbyterian and Methodist bodies in arranging a basis of organic union, to be submitted later

to our individual churches for their consideration and vote: the said committee appointed by us, to report at the next annual meeting of our union.

National Council Delegates:

DES MOINES, IO., OCT. 13-20

(Eleventh List)

Campbell, T. B., McCook, Neb.
Evans, Deacon D. J., Pittsburg, Pa.
Kells, Deacon Edwin, Tacoma, Wn.
Frost, Hon. George E., Cheboygan, Mich.
Griffith, Rev. William E., Monticello, Minn.
Hyslop, Rev. James, Charlevoix, Mich.
Perry, Hon. J. H., Southport, Ct.
Plunkett, Deacon G. F., Hinsdale, Mass.
Putnam, Rev. D. E., Houlton, Me.
Slade, Rev. William F., Braddock, Pa.
Strong, Rev. Frank P., Kinsley, Kan.
Thayer, Rev. Henry E., Topeka, Kan.
Treat, Deacon George L., Alexandria, Minn.
Voorhees, Rev. J. Spencer, Adams, Mass.
Wallar, Rev. W. C. A., Little Falls, Minn.
Wheeler, W. C., Tacoma, Wn.

Church Anniversaries

DENMARK, ME., Rev. W. H. Palmer. Seventy-fifth, celebrated July 3-5, with sermon by the pastor, lawn party and supper, with toasts and speeches at the Davis homestead where the church was organized, addresses by Dr. Smith Baker and Rev. G. H. Woodward and reminiscences of a seven-year pastorate by Rev. C. F. Sargent. Though population decreases, membership has grown from nine to 64. Since the coming of Mr. Palmer last year the parsonage has been repaired, new horse sheds have been built and new hymn-books purchased.

HINSDALE, MASS.—Twenty-first of the pastorate of Rev. J. H. Laird, July 10. In this time \$39,615 have been raised for home expenses; \$20,227 for benevolence.



You can dye any kind of catsup red. Most catsup makers do. Columbia, "The Uncolored Catsup," blushes with the honest red of the perfectly ripe tomato. Nothing else to blush for!

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10c,
25c,

Karo

50c
tins

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CORN PRODUCTS CO.,
New York and Chicago.

The Conversation Corner

A Dog-Sledge's Missionary Work

JUST after our "News from the Nor'ard" had gone to the printer for the July 9 Corner, Dr. Edward Everett Hale's *Lend a Hand Record* very kindly sent me this cut, which had illustrated a note from Dr. Grenfell in its columns, and which I hasten to show you now before I return it. It seems that Dr. Grenfell had named a new komatik *Lend a Hand*, in grateful recognition of the supplies—libraries, clothing, and especially "tabloid" medicines, very useful on account of the ease of carrying them on his long sledge-rides—which the clubs associated with the "L. A. H." and other generous Boston friends had furnished him. Hear what the doctor says about it.

It has carried me many a weary mile, and brought help and comfort to many a poor, sick and sorry one this winter. The "green komatik" has been anxiously awaited many a time with its burden of Boston "tabloids" [etc.]. God bless all the good friends who helped to keep it going. Dr. Kingman spent a week or two with us [last summer]. He was a noble help—perhaps the best thing Boston sent us!

You see, not only the sledge, gayly painted in green and red, with the clasped hands in white enamel, but a part of the doctor's twelve Eskimo dogs curled up in the snow, quite willing to rest while he takes a snapshot of the young Newfoundlander standing there "by the bow of the komatik." Who is he? A fisher-lad whose leg Dr. Grenfell had cut off two years before. Now he had brought him another to take its place, and as he marches off with his new leg (and its patterns which you see in his hand), the doctor snaps a picture of him, funnily adding in his letter, "It should be 'Lend a Leg,' not 'Lend a Hand'!" Other letters mention experiences of the sledge as it carried the doctor 1,200 miles, near and far, on his medical and merciful journeys.

Two feet of soft, powdery snow had fallen, and the track of all these men walking on their raquettes ahead made a deep trench in which our dogs and komatik were nearly hidden as they went along. At the big hill, through the green ridge, all the men fastened on to a very long rope and hauled ahead of the dogs, and there was much cheering when we at last topped the hill and took the table-land, heading for the cliffs. It was, however, such a hard day that two of the younger men "gave out," and one we had to haul on the komatik, while I joined the walkers, arriving eventually half an hour ahead of the dogs.

... One of the boys was fourteen, the other sixteen, but both stunted and small, as if ten or twelve, from chronic want of sufficient food. Their old, patched sealskin boots were so leaky that I said, "Aren't your stockings wet?" "No, sir." "That's odd," I said. "Please, sir, we haven't got any." I was able to put that little matter right also.

A good many "little matters," like naked feet and starving families, and

broken legs, and "all manner of sickness and disease," our old friend seems to have been "putting right" among those scattered dwellers in the snow all the long and terrible winter. And then the great search-light, which friends have provided for the *Strathcona*, the hospital bath-equipment, the sloyd benches and tools (one case with six tools of a kind, sent by our Cambridge Captains of Ten), so that boys may learn to work—how happy all these givers must be! And several consignments of boxes or barrels have been made this summer from the Congregational House (by the great courtesy of the Plant Line) to St. John's for next winter's need.

But I will not say another word about the Deep Sea Mission—only to tell you that I have recently sent \$100 to London for two cots, one to be called the "Winchester Cot," provided by the young peo-



ple of the Winchester church, and the other our "Corner Cot"; later in the year we must arrange for our other cot, the "Gabriel-Pomiuk Memorial."

O, I forgot to say that Dr. Grenfell has mentioned more than once his hope that some boys' club would imitate the Captains of Ten in carving a motto for the St. Anthony hospital like that at Battle Harbor. Are there any boys that wish to prepare a sermon in wood that will preach itself on that wild Newfoundland coast, to sailors and shoremen all the year round? If so, let them send for the text and particulars!

VACATION

It has come—it is in the air—old folks, young folks and babies are talking about it. I met today in a kind of park a child, who I do not think had reached quarter of three yet, riding in his go-cart, and he told me his story, this being the keynote: "I went vacation beach—I rode on donkey—I rode on music—I held with my hands!" A little girl way up in Vermont writes:

Dear Mr. Martin: Do you remember the picture you took of us at Wauwinet in the boat? I wish I could go to the seashore this year, but I don't believe I can. It is so far. Where are you going to spend your vacation? We wish you would come and see us.
Danville, Vt.

MARY C.

Thank you, Mary; we did have a good time at Nantucket; I do not know as I shall go anywhere, but if I knew where the Cornerers were going, I might happen around on that "vacation beach"! But, wherever you go, I hope you will have a right good time, keep out in the open air, eat, sleep and play all you can—and learn something. Not out of books, but about trees, birds, shells, tides—something in natural history or local history. Here is one vacation letter already received; the little writer evidently has his eyes open and his hands busy.

Dear Mr. Martin: I am up in New Hampshire, on Mr. Breed's farm. There is a swing up here. Mr. Breed has a gasoline engine in his barn, and I am very much interested in it. Papa bought me a little electric motor and a dry battery cell, and I brought them up with me. My dry cell is nearly all used up. I connected the motor with the battery of Mr. Breed's engine, and it ran as fast as the engine itself. The engine is connected with the sawmill by a belt. Sometimes Meum and I go to the nearest crossroads to get the milk. Mr. Breed has three horses, Dot and Dolly, the pair, and Polly, a lame horse. We have seen an indigo bunting and a golden oriole, besides robins and sparrows.

HENRY C.

Clinton Grove, N. H.

I think we Cornerers who stay at home—young and old—would be glad to read letters from you vacationists, wherever you are, telling us what you see and learn and of any strange or funny experiences you may have. If you can illustrate your letter by a striking photograph, all right—but blueprints and post-card

views our picture-man despises! To increase your interest in this literary enterprise, I have selected for you two fine books, just published, and the best of their kind. One is a book of American Natural History, of over 400 pages and 350 illustrations; the other is about the trees and shrubs of Northeastern America, two volumes in one, with many drawings. These will be given respectively for the very best letter, and the very next best one. Write plainly; don't forget the place and date, nor your name and home address; do not write too long. Send your letters whenever you like during the summer, but the competition will not be closed until the first week in September when you will have returned home, bright and fresh for school again!

[Five lines short, Mr. M.—do think up something suitable.—D. F.] This is suitable, though sad, from Dr. Grenfell:

My dear little fawn I wrote you about last year died of asphyxia. I feel it very much!

Mr. Martin

The Conflict of the Gods*

By Rev. A. E. Dunning

The materials for this lesson are a bare succession of facts which must be made vivid by the imagination, using their results in subsequent records. The most brilliant period of Israel's history is compressed into a few sentences.

Jeroboam founded a kingdom, but after his death the throne was occupied by his family only two years. Yet the stamp of evil which he placed on the kingdom remained till it was finally destroyed. Each successive king followed in his steps "walking in the way of Jeroboam and in his sin which he did to make Israel to sin." Jeroboam's son Nadab reigned two years. Then Baasha overthrew him and "left not to Jeroboam any that breathed till he had destroyed him." After Baasha his son Elah reigned two years. Then "did Zimri destroy all the house of Baasha," and reigned one week; but as soon as the army in camp heard of the revolt, they proclaimed their leader Omri king. He at once besieged the capital, Tirzah. Zimri finding himself defeated set the palace on fire and perished in the ruins.

The people formed two parties, one making Tibni their leader, while the party that followed Omri conquered after a struggle of over four years. Compare 1 Kings, 16: 8 with verse 23. Omri reigned twelve years, making Tirzah the capital the first six, then building a new city, Samaria, which remained the capital till it was destroyed by Sargon King of Assyria more than a century and a half later. After Omri died his son Ahab reigned in Samaria twenty-two years. He married Jezebel, the daughter of the king of the Zidonians, and his reign is marked by the final apostasy of the nation from Jehovah and the erection of a splendid temple to Baal in Samaria. This lesson, then, is appropriately to be called

should be set on high above all nations, "if thou shalt hearken unto the commandments of Jehovah thy God, which I command thee this day, to observe and to do them, and shalt not turn aside from any of the words which I command you this day, to the right hand, or to the left, to go after other gods to serve them."

The perfect nation is described in the vision of Isaiah, which he concludes with this splendid picture: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for Jehovah will be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands that I may be glorified."

In and Around Boston

Sunday Services at Norumbega Park

Ever since the throngs began to seek this beautiful resort it has been on the hearts of the good people of Auburndale to find some way of bringing to them something of a Sabbath influence, and various plans have been studied. This year, the matter was taken up by the Good Citizenship Committee of the Newton C. E. Union, the chairman of which, Mr. Nelson G. Cooley, is a member of the Auburndale Congregational church. All the Protestant pastors of Newton were invited to a conference, each to bring three prominent members of his society. The response was ready. An advisory board was formed, including some of the city's strongest men, and the matter was brought before the president of the electric road which owns the park, receiving his cordial co-operation.

The first meeting, held the afternoon of July 10, at four o'clock, proved an admirable beginning. The Park authorities provided an excellent orchestra and male quartet, and a pamphlet of hymns was ready for every one. Rev. Allen A. Stockdale of Berkeley Temple conducted the service with skill and success. About a thousand were in the seats of the theater at the fullest time, and while people drifted in and out, the general attention and demeanor were excellent. The service July 17, conducted by Dr. F. E. Emrich, was also largely attended, though apparently few of the number were Protestants.

The object of these meetings is not to draw a crowd from outside. There is no advertising, though the best speakers available are to be secured. No appeal is made to church people to support them by their presence. The purpose is simply to give to those who may be already on the grounds a chance to receive the better impulses which belong to the day, and there seems to be good promise of its realization.

Heroes of Peace

The Old South Lectures for Young People this summer are devoted to a new phase of history. Instead of considering political development, wars or military and naval leaders, men and women who have been foremost in religion and philanthropy are to be described. Prof. E. C. Moore of Harvard opened the course, July 13, with an appreciative study of John Elliot, touching on the statesmanship and varied accomplishments of his subject, as well as upon his passion for saving the souls of his Indians. The next lecturer, Mr. G. H. Martin, the well-known educator, discussed Horace Mann; while later in the season President Woolley of Mt. Holyoke will speak of Mary Lyon, Booker Washington of General Armstrong and other competent men will have for subjects Elihu Burritt, Peter Cooper, Dorothea Dix and Colonel Waring's work in the New York street department.

V. THE WORSHIP OF BAAL ESTABLISHED IN ISRAEL

The religion of the Hebrews was established among them by master minds. Moses has won his place as a world leader. Samuel and David were great in war and statecraft, as well as in religion. We may well believe that men who could bring the people of Jehovah to worship another god as equal to him were also powerful leaders. We need to study then:

1. *The growth of Israel under two great kings.* If Omri and Ahab had been worshippers of the true God we may be sure that they would have had a high place given to them in the history of Israel. As it was, the writer of the books of the Kings gave them the chief rank as evil doers. Omri surpassed all his predecessors in wickedness [16: 25], and Ahab achieved greater distinction in the same way than his father [v. 34]. Omri was an able and popular general. The army were loyal to him, and under his leadership they conquered the capital. He was a great statesman also. He bought the finest site in the kingdom, a noble hill rising out of and overlooking the fertile plain of Esdraelon. He dealt honorably with its owner, not only paying him a fair price for it, but perpetuating his name by giving it to the splendid city he built on the hill, the capital of Israel in all its after history. It was not by any egotism of his, but by a just tribute to his fame that in the records of other nations the city was always called the palace of Omri and the nation had the name, Omri-land. He greatly increased its trade and wealth, defended it successfully against the encroachments of surrounding tribes and extended its borders on every side. The inscription on the Moabite stone says that he conquered the whole land of Medeba and held it during his entire reign.

Ahab brought about an honorable peace between Israel and Judah, which had been at war ever since the division of the kingdom. He vanquished repeatedly armies of Syria far greater than his own. It is even said that Jehovah led Ahab's hosts to victory and extended mercy to him [1 Kings 20: 13, 28].

2. *The enthronement of Baal in Israel.* Over against all the valor and skill of

these kings stands the record that they encouraged Israel to idolatry. Ahab most of all wrought evil through his marriage with the beautiful daughter of Eth-baal. A writer who may have been a later editor of the Book of Kings gives to Ahab a character worse than that of any other king of Israel or Judah [21: 25, 26]. As Solomon had built a temple to Jehovah in Jerusalem and had placed the ark of the covenant in its most holy place, so Ahab consecrated Samaria by building in it a temple to Baal and erecting therein an altar to him [v. 32]. The magnificence of this temple may be imagined from the fact that 450 priests ministered at its altars. Its size is suggested by the description of the multitude which were assembled in it when Jehu destroyed it [2 Kings 10: 20-28]. The nature of Baal worship may be inferred from the symbols erected in connection with the temple [v. 33, 2 Kings 21: 26]. It was degrading and licentious. Baal enthroned in Israel meant Jehovah dethroned.

3. *The weakness of a great nation.* While Israel was not great in territory or numbers as compared with Egypt and Assyria, it was great in its ideals. The introduction of the worship of the gods of the surrounding nations was sure to break down the barriers between them and Israel, without which she could not develop the national life. It would also destroy the patriotism of the people, which had risen to a religious intensity because they had connected their whole history with the guidance and wonderful deliverances of Jehovah. Read 2 Sam. 7: 22-24. It would weaken the ambitions of the people and lead them to put a low estimate on their own lives. Nothing is more insidious in its influence to weaken a nation or more certain in its evil results than the substitution of sensual and selfish ideas of religion for those which require self-sacrifice and service to the holy God. Probably no sign of such an influence is more alarming among us than the increasing encroachment of amusements, under the plea of worshiping nature and art, on the day for the worship of God.

4. *The source of a nation's strength.* "The throne is established by righteousness," said the ancient proverb. Moses held up before the people an ideal which is as certain to be fulfilled now as it was then, when he told them that Israel

* International Sunday School Lesson for July 31, Omri and Ahab. Text, 1 Kings 16: 23-33.

The Literature of the Day

Leaders of Thought

The time is rich in studies of Tennyson's personality and poems. Mr. Benson belongs, indeed, to the second generation, but through his father, the archbishop, other members of his own family and friends, he has had access to the personal reminiscences of those who knew the poet, and he has made free and judicious use of the accumulated literary material. A lifelike picture of striking character drawn with discerning skill and sympathetic understanding precedes the critical chapters. Few readers, perhaps, will indorse without qualification Mr. Benson's judgment that Tennyson as a dramatist was almost a complete failure. But the author gives reasons for that opinion. For the general reader no more helpful book on Tennyson has yet appeared.

Mr. Dowden's critical study of Browning's life and works could hardly fail to be interesting. Instead, however, of separating the two elements of biography and criticism, he carries them along side by side with a little the effect of a juggler keeping several balls in the air at the same time. The contrast of painstaking sobriety and clever thought with the alert paradoxes of Mr. Chesterton's book will strike the follower of Browning interpretation not unpleasantly.

The tone of the book is that of an admiring student and interpreter who endeavors to throw light upon the origin and meaning of Browning's work. The story of his courtship and elopement is told with reserve, and yet so that the reader gains a clear idea of the proportion of the events and characters. It is a book for students, and will be helpful to earnest but rather puzzled beginners in Browning lore.

The opportunities of personal acquaintance which fell to Professor Steiner's lot were unusually full, and he had access also to the collections and recollections of Tolstoy's friends in Russia and other countries of Europe. Admirers of Tolstoy will find a graphic picture of their hero and inquirers a full and appreciative estimate of his influence, works, philosophy and religion. The attempt in many places by men and women of earnest spirit and high intellectual gifts to put in practice Tolstoy's theory of the real meaning of Christianity makes this study peculiarly timely and interesting.

Perhaps the worst type of biographer is the idolater, the man who admires so devoutly that his sense of humor gets no play. The worst enemy of Whistler, and he had enemies enough, could hardly have desired a more unconsciously iconoclastic picture than Mr. Menpes has given in this sumptuous book. It brings out the almost incredible vanity of Whistler which amounted in fact to a sort of insane obsession, making him occasionally delight in discourtesy and cruelty to the few followers who clung to him. This ill-tempered cruelty of character is, we believe, quite disproportionately reflected in these pages and so reflected as to give little opportunity for making allowances.

The power and interest of the book are

in its studies of the art theories and the art attainments of one of the greatest of American painters. Many of his sketches and etchings are reproduced in full-size plates, which suggest the charm and the power of the originals. To the student of art or the investigator of the eccentricities of human life and dispositions the text is of great interest. Mr. Whistler has secured a Boswell in his own art family, an artist who can expound his art life and a worshiper who paints his portrait without stopping to consider whether in its reality it is flattering or whether there is anything which ought to be concealed. He has made a strange, important and too sadly amusing book.

[The Life of Lord Tennyson, by Arthur Christopher Benson. pp. 243. E. P. Dutton. \$1.00 net.
Robert Browning, by Edward Dowden. pp. 404. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
Tolstoy the Man, by Edward A. Steiner. pp. 310. Outlook Co. \$1.50 net.
Whistler as I Knew Him, by Mortimer Menpes. pp. 153. Macmillan Co. \$10.00 net.]

BIBLE STUDY

Saul and the Rise of the Hebrew Monarchy, by Rev. Robert Sinker, D. D. pp. 92.
The Early Christian Martyrs and Their Persecutions, by Rev. J. Herkless, D. D. pp. 112. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Two numbers of the Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Handbooks. Far apart in time and subject, they illustrate the plan and purpose of the series and are informing for the general reader, their pages using but not obtruding the best results of Biblical and historical study.

Monument Facts and Higher Critical Fancies, by A. H. Sayce, D. D. pp. 127. F. H. Revell Co. 75 cents net.

Polemical essays directed primarily against that criticism which denies the possibility of a Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch because writing was unknown in so early an age. Professor Sayce shows that the age of Moses was an age of widely diffused literary culture in which the Israelites held a backward position. The summary of archaeological discoveries is interesting; the implications are stated with force, but the sweeping condemnation of the whole critical method is indiscriminating. Professor Sayce is himself in this book one of the higher critics and should not belittle his calling.

Pseudo-Criticism, by Sir Robert Anderson, LL. D. pp. 123. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents net.

A partisan attack on men like Driver, Harnack, Bacon and Briggs. The writer accuses all truth-seekers who do not accept the traditional view, of lowering the claims of the Bible to a level at which rationalists will accept it on their own terms. The problems of the Hexateuch and the fourth Gospel are treated without thorough examination, and the generalizations of the book are unreliable. The spirit of the work will not appeal to the intelligent and unprejudiced.

The People's Psalter, by Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D. D. pp. 244. Young Churchman Co. 75 cents net.

An explanation and application of the Psalms to devotional purposes and private reading. The method is by prefixing a title of practical application to each psalm and interjecting summary headings from time to time in the body of the text. The author seems to us rather to do violence, at times, in applying the hymn-book of the Old Testament church to the doctrinal uses of the New. The text employed is that of the Prayer-Book version.

The Bible. Its Structure and Purpose, by John Urquhart. pp. 251. Gospel Publishing House. \$1.25 net.

Books of this sort maintaining the extreme traditional view of verbal inspiration, are overdone simply because they are underdone. The present work does not meet the higher critics like fellow-scholars with the courtesy of debate, but declares them all enemies of God's Word. The author's method of proving

historical veracity is superficial. He takes portions that have correct local color, and argues the unity of the entire book. He also lays more emphasis on the disagreements of writers "of the rationalistic crusade" than is warranted. The book concedes nothing to the "hostile camp." Criticism is not met with criticism, but with dogmatism.

HISTORY

New Hampshire, an Epitome of Popular Government, by Frank H. Sanborn. pp. 354. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10 net.

The last half century has greatly increased the original materials for the study of American colonial history. Mr. Sanborn has made good use of these and of the already known material. He writes as a patriotic son of New Hampshire with genuine enthusiasm for the achievements and character of its people and has made an interesting number of the American Commonwealth Series. His pet aversion is the bigotry of the Massachusetts Puritans in the seventeenth century, about whom he never misses a chance of speaking his mind. A complete index and a good map add to the value of the work for students.

The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland, by Michael Davitt. pp. 751. Harper Bros. \$2.50 net.

A history of the efforts and accomplishments of the Irish Land League in its long conflict with landlordism. Abundant material, gathered from a great variety of sources, is strung together on a thread of narrative. Here are the facts about evictions and anarchy, lawlessness of oppressors and oppressed, dynamite plots and secret police, Phoenix Park murders and peaceful boycotting, law court proceedings and Parliamentary debates, all set forth with remarkable fairness. The story of Mr. Parnell's career with its shameful conclusion is fully narrated. He who would understand the true history of Ireland will profit by reading this presentation of the Irish point of view.

Introduction to the History of Civilization in England, by Henry Thomas Buckle. pp. 915. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

A complete reprint of Buckle's famous book to which the editor has added a new and extensive index. He has also written annotations elucidating, explaining or correcting his author with the aim of continuing and making permanent the influence of the work. Except for its too small print this edition will make for itself a satisfactory place in the libraries of students.

Reformation and Renaissance, by J. M. Stone. pp. 470. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.00 net.

Impartial history is an ideal, rather than an attainment, everywhere. Miss Stone does not seem even to have set it before herself as a goal of ambition. She is the author of a life of Queen Mary of England in which she attempts to show that the persecuting queen was partly the victim of circumstances and partly a loyal and merciful servant of her church and her royal calling. This history of the Reformation is an elaborate piece of special pleading. By selection from the enormous mass of incidents and opinions she attempts to show that Luther was the worst enemy of European civilization and the Reformation a retrograde movement towards barbarism. Her initial statement that the Roman Catholic Church controlled and utilized the Renaissance movement fixes her point of view. The opposite is really the fact. The unreformed church was dominated in its center and carried far back towards paganism by the great wave of Renaissance feeling and opinion.

FICTION

Dorothea, by Maarten Maartens. pp. 552. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

The most finished and vivid piece of work Mr. Maartens has yet done. There are some blemishes of absurd rhetoric but on the whole the style is good and the plot well developed. The drawback is that most of the good people in the story are the kind we never care to meet again and most of the interesting people are grossly immoral. The book is an argument for the double standard of purity for men and women. If to be pure in heart is to be cold-blooded or a fool then there are two standards.

Most American readers have faith in the possibility of higher types of purity than are here presented.

The Veil of the Temple, by William Hurrell Mallock. pp. 448. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20 net.

In the light of modern knowledge what are we to think of religion, the human will, the hope of immortality? Under a thin garb of fiction these questions are discussed in a symposium where disciples of Spencer, Comte and Hegel, ritualists, broad churchmen and others deliver their opinions and demolish each others' arguments. At the end the author advances his own defense of Christianity contrasting the effect of the scientific view of life with that of the religious view. Mr. Mallock writes with his usual brilliancy and thoughtfulness. He has accomplished his task remarkably well considering the space used and the popular audience addressed.

Where the Tide Comes In, by Lily Meacham Thruston. pp. 391. Little, Brown & Co. The scene of this story is laid in the tide-water country of Virginia among the truck farms and the improvements of the real estate speculator. It lives in the modern atmosphere of Southern industrial life with its problems of labor, its sentiment for the past and its outlook upon the modern world. The tone of the narrative is quiet with abundant contrast, however, of action and incident. The character of the hero with his kindness of heart and initial indecision of purpose grows before us in his love experiences and leaves us in sympathy with his happiness at the end.

A Daughter of Dale, by Emerson G. Taylor. pp. 352. Century Co. \$1.50. The author of this story of Yale life is an instructor and familiar with the social conditions of which he writes. He has made an engaging story with delightful characters in the old scholar and his granddaughter. The problem worked out is that of life career for a post-graduate student whose ambition the professor and heroine seek to turn into the channels of scholarship. We question however whether the Yale teaching world will approve of Mr. Taylor's implied opinion that success in scholarship is usually incompatible with a broad outlook or the highest type of manliness. The story will make a wider appeal than to the Yale constituency which will find special interest in its local color.

In the Dwellings of the Wilderness, by C. Bryson Taylor. pp. 184. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25. Readers who like to be thrilled as children are by ghost stories in the twilight will enjoy this weird and original story. Three American explorers in opening an ancient tomb, in spite of the warning inscribed upon its sealed door, permit the reincarnation of a devil-possessed woman. The results to their attendants and to themselves are told with a clever sweeping of the strings of horror.

Paul Leonard's Sacrifice, by Charles E. Davis. pp. 264. H. Lorano Davis, Boston. The chapters of this novel read in the Sunday evening services of Mr. Davis's church, must have served their purpose admirably, for they are full of action and incident. It would hardly be fair to consider the story wholly from the viewpoint of pure literary criticism. It is primarily an appeal through the imagination for a higher standard of civic righteousness and Christian service. The judicious reader will regret the element of melodrama introduced in order to connect the actors with a foreign aristocracy.

EDUCATION

A Greek Grammar, by John Thompson, M. A. pp. 494. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net. An English grammar founded upon German authorities and intended to introduce into schools some knowledge of comparative philology.

Industries of Today, edited by M. A. L. Lane. pp. 137. Ginn & Co. 40 cents. Brief illustrated papers on the industries of America, intended for a supplementary reader. There is a good variety and the articles are prepared by well-known writers and are interesting as well as instructive.

Spelling by Grades. pp. 128. Am. Book Co. Containing words found in Baldwin's readers and intended for practical use in connection with them.

Fairy Tales, by Hans Christian Andersen. pp. 253. Maynard, Merrill & Co. 50 cents.

A good selection from Andersen's Fairy Stories prepared for use as a reader in primary grades.

Euripides' Iphigenia in Tauris, edited by William Nickerson Bates, Ph. D. pp. 160. Am. Book Co. \$1.25.

Intended especially for the use of students who are beginning Greek tragedy, with critical and explanatory notes and an introduction and illustrations prepared especially with these in view.

MISCELLANEOUS

Association Hymn Book. pp. 208. International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. \$25.00 per hundred.

After unexpected delays the Y. M. C. A. committee at last offers us its song-book for men's meetings. It is a well-bound and printed book of 233 selections with an appendix of twenty-five Scripture readings. The hymns are well indexed and classified as to subject. They include the stronger elements of our church hymnody and promise a useful, enjoyable and lasting book for the use of young men and others who desire a small collection of well chosen hymns at a reasonable price.

Kings and Queens I Have Known, by Hélène Vacaresco. pp. 315. Harper & Bros. \$2.00 net.

Miss Vacaresco is maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, known in literary circles as Carmen Sylva. She describes the life and character of her own queen and her meetings with other crowned heads and royal princes and princesses of the European reigning families. The point of view is that of a small and perhaps slightly unconventional court. We get unusual glimpses of royal personalities and incidentally the author's impressions of their private character. To a republican it is a curious picture of a small and separated caste which has developed tact as its great social virtue.

Boys of the Street, by Charles Stelzle. pp. 96. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents.

Boys of the street are not so very different from other boys, and any one who has to deal with boys' clubs, large or small, will find much practical information in this bright and sensible little book, written out of the author's wide and varied experience. Club constitutions, some things a club may do, headquarters and religion in the club are among the topics treated.

Business Education and Accountancy, by Charles Waldo Haskins, C. P. A., L. H. M., ed. by F. A. Cleveland, Ph. D. pp. 238. Harper & Bros. \$2.00 net.

A posthumous collection of essays and lectures by one of the pioneers in the youthful but fast growing profession of accountancy. Its object, after sharply drawing the distinction between accountancy and mere mechanical bookkeeping, is to show the pressing need of practical courses in business methods. Liberal education and business training it argues should judiciously supplement each other. There is added an interesting research on the history of auditing and accounting.

Physical Training for Children By Japanese Methods, by H. Irving Hancock. pp. 163. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

A handbook of exercises for boys and girls in Japanese methods of physical training known as Jiu-Jitsu. The Japanese wrestler is famous and Japanese troops in the expedition to Peking demonstrated their ability to out-march those of any other nationality. By description and illustration a series of exercises are described for the use of children as a part of their school work. A companion to other treatises by the same author.

The Hayfield Mower, by The Mower-man. pp. 175. Hayfield Mower. \$1.25.

Bound volumes of an imaginary country newspaper in which the editor states his opinion without regard to consequences. His caustic and witty pen attacks the shams he sees in religion and society. The book is anonymous but the preface hints that the author is not unknown to book reviewers.

The Economist, a Guide to the World's Fair, compiled by W. S. Wrenn. pp. 189. Paper. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

A brief illustrated guide, with maps and plans, to the most noteworthy sights and exhibits of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in narrow form which will fit the pocket.

Closet and Altar

THE WAY OF SELF-FORGIVING

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus.

God is our retreat from the reproach of conscience, as well as from the wrath of men. When God has forgiven, why should not we forget?—Hilton Jones.

If I am not mistaken in your case, God will win you, and he will win you by determined and uninterrupted acts of love. It may be that in some other place God would have found for you other work; you have failed in attaining to that place; serve him where you are. If you fall still lower, or imagine that you fall lower, still serve him in the lowest room of all. Wherever you may find yourself, still serve him, and you will bid defiance to imaginations and powers of evil.—John Shorthouse.

Whiteness most white. Ah, to be clean again
In mine own sight and God's most holy sight!
To reach through any flood or fire of pain

Whiteness most white.
To learn to hate the wrong and love the right,
Even while I walk thro' shadows that are vain.

Descending thro' vain shadows into night.
Lord, not today; yet some day bliss for bane
Give me, for mortal frailty give me might,
Give innocence for guilt, and for my stain
Whiteness most white.

—Christina Rossetti.

Painful memory can only be obliterated by the full flood of joy. When happiness is complete there is no room for sad recollection; when there are no brooding moments the past is kept at bay; where there is no cause for remembrance there is no opportunity for remorse.—Hugh Black.

At first reading, this suggestion that he would die a martyr seems a harsh one, but it was probably the only thing which could have restored Peter's self-respect. By these words he was reassured of his own potential heroism. For the fears of a good man are not allayed when he has saved his skin, nor his inner sense of shame wiped out by repentance. The more keenly a man repents cowardice, the more terribly it is borne in on him that he may do the same thing again.—*The Spectator*.

We bless Thee for the joy of life,
our Father, for Thy love that is as
light illumining the way, Thy pres-
ence that is comfort and repose, the
leading of Thy Spirit that goes on
from strength to strength. We
thank Thee that the love of Christ
our Lord transforms our days with
glad communion and the joy of serv-
ice. Thou hast put our sins away
—help us to forget them in pure
gratitude, in glad remembrance of
the beauty of holiness and the glory
of shared work with Thee. Make
little tasks and gifts of value if
through human fellowship they
serve the kingdom of heaven. And
may our hearts sing for joy in re-
membrance that Thou hast called
us children. So purify our hearts
and shape in us Thy likeness. Amen.

A Case of Sardines

A STORY OF THE MAINE COAST

BY CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES

CHAPTER XXVIII. SUNSET

If we would build on a sure foundation of friendship we must love our friends for their sake, not our own.—Charlotte Brontë.

Friendship is a wide portal and sometimes admits love.—Anna Katharine Green.

Of course it was made up of clouds and colors and sky, as sunsets are—golden-red and pink and the faintest of pale greens with touches of pure silver and gold; and it was no more beautiful than thousands of sunsets which the Master of colors has flung upon his canvas to be washed away by the floods of night.

But sunsets are never the same. Their meaning is not the same. It is as if a musician, by the same huge instrument, plays on and on through each twilight hour, in changing keys with ever varying expression, and creates within us the moods of his own fancy. This sunset, as I saw it from the cliff, laid its long bands of silver, gold and pink tier upon tier against the western sky, floating above the deep, far-distant green. Higher still were tossed darker clouds, of the sort that remind us of coming night. In the south was flung the boldest expression of massive clouds saturated with liquid dyes, in broken fragments against a far-away blue. And from south to east stretched a long band of loose lamb's fleece, tossed fantastically and dyed with purest crimson.

Where trees loomed against the west they seemed a part of the great painting, and where I caught glimpses of the water it seemed a part of the eastern sky. There was a quiet chanting in the trees as the westerly breeze drew down to the shore. Nan Rhodes was coming along the cliff in quiet, attractive dress, the glow of the sunset reflected about her, a part of the Sabbath sunset scene.

We knew the hour was freighted with great meaning. I caught the light of her eyes. They fell as we met. All my planned fortitude was broken. I would have thrown open my thoughts like a boyish lover.

"Nan!"—I was quivering.

She laid her hand on my arm with a quiet restraint, looked into my eyes with compassionate response and smiled.

"Wait—please! Let me say it for you.

"We think of each other as we did not expect when we met. You are not the man you were when you came, Doctor Dee! You came here tired, disgusted and longing. If it hadn't been for those who helped you see the inside of things and for God's own fingers you might have gone back in better health, but not to keep so. You said you came from a hollow world. It was hollow because you were hollow, though you hardly realize it now. When you go back you will find it a different world because you are a different man. Selfish ambitions wear men out. You found something better when you forgot yourself in doing good among the sardiners. It satisfied your own longings. And you want to tell me today what you need not say. I know. You have found a new longing that you think I can fill."

Her brave eyes quivered and fell in a moment's silence.

"I have wanted a friend stronger than I, some one superior, who could understand me, my purpose, my own—hunger. I have wondered where Doctor Morgan might be, and if I might not find him some day. I would tell him

I was using his voice, and that would please him, I know, and help me. But my longing helped me to understand you, and so I found a friend. It seems I have found more.

"Wait! You are my friend now, Doctor Dee. But you are only growing! I don't want you to lose the good of this summer. I saw when I first knew you that you had a hard hill to climb; and you are only half-way up!

"If you are to be more than a friend and a lover it will be well to know what love is. We may be alike in some things, but we are not the same. I am a sardine-factory girl; you are a physician in the midst of a great city's wealth. You are a man with your weaknesses, and I am a woman with mine. Love has much to learn, and sometimes much to endure as well as much to share.

"But we mean something more than the world means when we call each other what Jesus called his disciples—'friends.' Thank God he has permitted us to meet and our souls

feel that already for yourself. Will you remember it by and by for another?

"When you have learned your lesson well, some one will make your home. I trust you. If you learn it, I shall know. If you do not"—

Fearful of reply, she laid her warm hand across my lips while she struggled for voice.

"If not, God has given us the privilege of parting as he did the privilege of meeting. Doesn't it mean something that this summer's friendship is always to stand, and nothing to mar it? How much it may mean, only God knows. For myself, I can do his work better because I know there is some one out in the world who has appreciated and understood. For you—the Wellington went out last night. She is far at sea today, because of the lighthouse at the Narrows. But she could not take the lighthouse with her. She does not need it.

"Don't speak! Don't—don't! I can't bear it now."

I could only grasp, with all the force I dared, the hand she placed in mine.

"O Nan, Nan!"

She laid her other hand upon my arm. I felt its caress.

"Good-bye."

I turned and stumbled blindly along the path we had walked so many times together. In the darkness of sudden tears the beauty of the landscape had vanished, and I was struggling in a tempest of loneliness along a desert of grief.

Can words tell how the heart feels in such an experience?

We begin toying with a pebble picked up on the beach of life, tossing it from hand to hand to admire its hues, laying it carelessly on the rocks while we turn to touch some fragment that glitters. By and by, when we have sat down and turned it over in our fingers with more careful eye we catch the sunset rays upon it and discover the gem. But it slips from our unworthy fingers. It is hidden among the pebbles of the great shore.

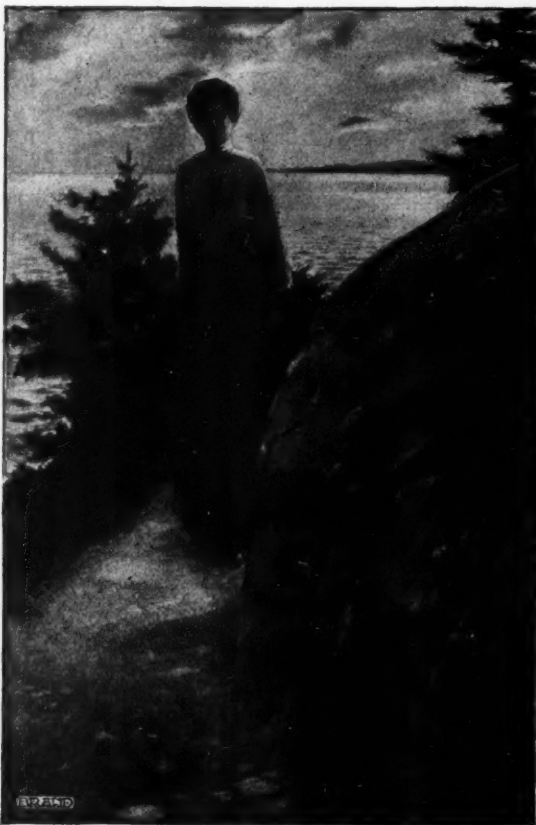
CHAPTER XXIX. THE AFTERGLOW

A friend makes one outdo himself.—Emerson.

The solitude which is really injurious is the severance from all who are capable of understanding us.—P. G. Hamerton.

Believe me better than my best,
And stronger than my faith can hold,
Until your royal faith transmutes
My silver into gold.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.



"Nan Rhodes was coming along the cliff, . . . a part of the Sabbath sunset scene."

to walk together! You will think no less of me when I say we are able at this moment to sit at the same altar with a new understanding of what it is to say, 'I believe in the communion of saints.' You know what I mean. You pray now. You've no need to say so. I know. God made his sons and daughters to pray. His Fatherhood wouldn't seem real without prayer.

"You told me once, and you said it bitterly, that it takes a doctor to know what people are. You were wrong. Only friends know. Some people do not understand themselves, and what they think are faults in others are only their own twisted shadows. If they try to be friends they may find that others are better than they knew.

"You are going back to the city. Do you think you will remember the summer? You have thought love and friendship depend upon two. Will you learn to live as if it depended upon one? You can learn it; some never do. In a busy life nothing will kill friendship so quickly as to be too busy to love. Love is even more sensitive than friendship. You

In the occasional leisure of my office I have sketched these scenes and secrets of last summer with a heart that finds both pain and pleasure in its confessions. Tonight the December snow, whirled by the wind, dances about the windows, its dainty flakes covering the city dust on the grimy stone window sill and transforming it, as a pure life may lay itself upon a soiled humanity and impart its own spotlessness.

Doctor Stahl is on the night rounds, in the storm, and, if telephone and bell permit, the evening is mine. The last office patient has passed out.

In the beating of the storm I stare at my anthracite coals and picture again the Echo Bluffs sunset. The afterglow remains. It floats above the sea and by its light I trace the summer scenes.

When the winding paths of the summer had been trod they brought me again to the wharf, the steamer, the return voyage to duty, task, ambition. Yet the city is not the same. I cannot make it nor myself the same—thank God!

The old feeling of resentment, so constant, so harassing, is strangely absent. Two things are bringing to me the buoyancy of youth and the delight of manhood: the discovery of a widening mission of friendship in the circle of my acquaintance and ministrations; and the sustaining power of that friendship by the sea, that does not seem a thing of the past but abides and glows more intensely as other friendships multiply beyond my anticipation.

I am moving on my old rounds, in hospital and in homes. I am beginning to take satisfaction in remedying the ills of patients by a friendship that touches the soul, teaches the sense, and keeps the body well. Heartsickness, disappointment and selfishness make more ills than are known to any but the physician. These revelations used to embitter me. They strengthened my contempt for the weaknesses of human ambition and affection—when I did not realize the narrowness of my own! At last I have found not simply a profession but a mission. It is not a paradise, nor an unvarying success; but there are finer lights to contrast with its shadows; and the mission is the mission of personality to individuality, myself to another's life, today, now, and here. The experiences by which I found it, and the factors that refashioned my thinking and my doing may seem commonplace, the events trivial, the story of Echo Bluffs an idle tale to some. To others it may bring light. Is anything trivial or commonplace that gives new life to a soul or makes a creature into a man? A girl's fingers on old Tom Morgan's face in a German hospital! The same Nan Rhodes, her warm life beating against mine! Yes, Jesus eating with the publican who climbed the sycamore tree to see him pass, and taking that bumptious egotist, Simon, along with him for three years, till he made him a Peter. Anything is of importance that makes a life forget what it is and see what it may be by looking a friend in the face. It's a sort of welcome, I think, into a world where souls really live. It may make for others what it made for me—a yearning for God, the great Companion.

How little was done last summer! When the sardine season opens again how much the same old town will be!

Yet I think of Tom Horton forging ahead in his larger opportunity of student life in my native town and of Stephen Somes making his way to manhood in paths of his own resolute choice and steady plodding. I remember John Hunt in his peculiar isolation at home, hewing his way as with a rail-splitter's ax, with the force of which he is capable, and I wonder if Echo Bluffs will not number him among her honored citizens. I know in his own sphere of influence, which must steadily increase, Grant Hamilton is fighting that despicable liquor traffic in a warfare in which the righteous forces of Maine are bound to win. As I paint my pictures in the glowing fire the thoughts rush over me till I have lived again the struggles and triumphs of the lives I know, and the story of Echo Bluffs seems freighted with intense meaning.

Now it seems as if Paul Shepard sits in my visitor's chair, and his cheery face leans over my desk where his letter lies. I fall to dreaming over Guy and Jennie Wilson and picture their simple home life where they have nested happily among old scenes. A great emotion surges and is breaking; for every face and scene vanishes, and in their place stands, clear and real—Nan Rhodes; now with the odor of oil in the atmosphere of the factory, her fingers flying as she packs her case of sardines and hums her quiet melody; now with the scent of that white rose which, at the seaside, fell from the aureole of her hair, and in my twilight solitude opened to my thoughts the portal and pathway to her inner life; now with her transfigured face and form, singing to open hearts and eager faces at the "Gospel Harbor." She is moving again amidst sorrow, need and temptation, with that peculiar cheeriness that changed all surroundings and made

it possible to forget them all; then we are back again to sunset scenes and her tones are falling about me as I heard them when we walked and talked together, and they gave what her life has given—a new charm and meaning to the words to which she may yet give fuller interpretation—"Friendship"—"Love."

That invisible companionship, dwelling in the sanctity of memory and association, is no less real. It spurs me on to be and to do what is demanded by the outer world and the inner ideal. And to what future?

Sometimes I think of the summer as a path of light over which I passed to the unexpected present, and fear that its scenes will be trodden again only in memory. Sometimes I dare hope that the screen has fallen abruptly on an unfinished act, and linger over the question, "Will the curtain rise again?"

Then my autumn dream comes back as I saw it one night after my return, when in the renewed activities my heart hunger was urging me on to a more patient and tender ministry to human life than I had known, and my life was growing stronger, more quiet and brave. A day of busy service had brought a night of reaction and fatigue; and with the night came God's ministry of sleep, and my dream.

It was one of those glowing moonlight nights at Echo Bluffs, when the world seemed to breathe and the tall pines on the cliff, against the sky, were like spirits that had crept up from the sea to witness the scenes of the town in silent solemnity. Dateless and timeless, like all dreams, it seemed I was standing by the door that opened to the veranda of the old Sinnett mansion, looking through the screen, down past the town and out over the sea. I swung open the door and stepped to the veranda. My heart leaped with recognition as I saw a familiar form leaning upon the farthest rail. I stepped to her side, quickly. There was an instinctive feeling that a question, long lying in the heart, must be asked, whose answer would be final, even restful, whatever the reply.

"Nan!"

I felt the silent figure's recognition.

"Nan, I need you. Will you go?"

There was the slightest motion of assent—the modest yielding of a heart to its welcome future. The hope within me rose to a sense of completeness. This was the tide at the full sea, bearing us to where there should be no ebbing.

That marvel of moonlight! It stretched across the pulsating sea and strewed the scene with jewels. It fell about her and decked her with such robes as I had often wished to see her wear. Her features, outlined against the scenery beyond, as she turned to meet my eager eyes, linger with me, clear as my summer memories.

Let me call it dream and prophecy.

"Love is the emblem of eternity. It confounds all notion of time, effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end."

(The End.)

Chicago Happenings

(The Congregationalist may be found in Chicago at the Congregational bookstore, 175 Wabash Avenue.)

A Happy Anniversary

July 13, at Beloit, Prof. William Porter and Mrs. Porter observed the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. The professor has been connected with the Latin department of the college fifty-two years. One of his sons is professor in Yale Theological Seminary, another is a well-known and successful physician in Hartford, Ct. A daughter remains at home and is a teacher of German in the Beloit High School. The family was gathered under the paternal roof in Beloit, and the day was observed with suitable festivities. Few men have ever been better loved by their stu-

dents and few men have ever led a more useful life, quiet though it has been.

Another Dreadful Accident

Wednesday evening, as an excursion train of twenty cars was returning from a day's outing at Island Park near Momence on the Kankakee River, it ran into a freight train near Glenwood, about twenty miles from Chicago, and two or three of the forward cars of the passenger train were crushed. Eighteen are reported killed and 106 injured, some of whom cannot recover. The excursion was the annual picnic of the Doremus Congregational Sunday school. It received its name from Dr. Doremus Scudder, a son of Dr. Henry M. Scudder, at that time pastor of Plymouth Church, of which it was a branch. It is now nearly self-supporting, but is under the care of the Chicago City Missionary Society. There seems to be no excuse for the accident, although the usual reports about misunderstanding of orders are given. The pastor of the afflicted church, Rev. Mr. Bush, was absent from the city on his vacation. The Sunday schools of all denominations are showing their sympathy. Nearly \$400 have already been raised to defray funeral expenses and relieve suffering.

Chicago, July 16.

FRANKLIN.

More Summer Arrangements

BOSTON

Swedish has continued all services, visiting pastors supplying. Mr. Erickson spent his vacation in Illinois and Michigan, returning July 16.

DORCHESTER

Romsey maintains all services but that of Sunday morning. Mr. Luce visits Marion and other points on the coast.

CAMBRIDGE

Pilgrim remains open all summer. Mr. Spence goes to Willoughby Lake, Vt. Supplies, Aug. 7: Dr. C. F. Swift; 14, 21: Dr. C. W. Gallagher; 28, Sept. 4, Dr. R. A. Beard.

CHELSEA

First unites with Central for Sunday morning and evening preaching services in July and entertains Central during August. Supplies, Aug. 7-28: Dr. D. M. Pratt, Prof. D. H. Colcord, Rev. E. E. Evans, Dr. F. W. Baldwin. Mr. Stebbins seeks recreation along the South Shore.

LYNN

Chestnut Street keeps open doors, the pulpit being supplied by Rev. J. G. Hill of Boston University. Evangelistic meetings are to be held in the fall.

MALDEN

First maintains all services. August supplies will be: 7, Dr. R. C. Houghton; 14, 21, Rev. A. M. Hyde; 28, Rev. G. E. Lovejoy. Dr. French goes to Great Diamond Island, Portland Harbor.

NEWTON

Auburndale keeps open all summer, continuing regular services. Supplies, July, 24, 31: Dr. W. M. Kincaid, Rev. W. E. Strong; Aug. 7-28: Rev. Messrs. A. M. Hyde, Edward Norton, Dr. H. J. Patrick, Prof. A. R. Merriam.

Newton Highlands continues preaching services. Supplies, Aug. 7, 14: Rev. David Baines-Griffiths; 21, 28, Dr. W. P. Schrom.

PHILADELPHIA

Central unites with a Baptist and a Methodist church. Dr. Kloss is summering at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard.

CLEVELAND

Plymouth. During Dr. Wood's absence the pulpit will be supplied by Drs. P. S. Moxom and G. R. Leavitt.

(For further information see Worcester Vacations, and the Connecticut Valley, page 130.)

A young person cannot judge what is allegorical and what is literal; anything that he receives into his mind at that age is likely to become indelible and unalterable; and therefore it is most important that the tales which the young first hear should be models of virtuous thought.—Plato.

Massachusetts

Consulting State Editors represented this week: Rev. Messrs. E. V. Bigelow, Lowell; H. L. Bailey, Longmeadow; E. W. Phillips, Worcester; J. G. Nichols, Hamilton

A Sister's Tribute to a Gifted Writer

Relatives and friends of Mary Abby Dodge, well known to the public as Gail Hamilton, gathered at the village church in Hamilton, Mass., June 29, to participate in the dedication of a beautiful memorial window, the gift of her sister, Miss H. Augusta Dodge. It is the design of Alfred Schreff of Boston, executed by Cyrus Hamlin Farley of Portland, Me., a nephew of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the missionary.

The subject is Immortality, which from early girlhood to the last hours of her life, was a theme of absorbing interest in Miss Dodge's thought and writing. There are many references to it in her early letters, written while at school; and in 1860 *The Congregationalist* printed *The Lesson of Death* from her pen. In the midst of her exacting social and public duties in Washington, she gave much thought to this subject; and after her severe illness at the home of Mr. Blaine, in which she believed she had for seven weeks "encamped on the further if not the furthest side of the Valley of the Shadow of Death," she felt that she had a message for the world. She sent it in the form of a letter to the church in Hamilton, and in response to hundreds of letters of inquiry, published it. During the last months her thought and conversation were constantly upon the future and she confessed that a "new page in the Book of Life was opened up to her." The last Sunday of conscious life was spent with her sister in reading over and over those passages in the New Testament which would give her more light.

Very appropriate then is the memorial, emphasizing especially her religious life, the great hope to which she often gave expression. The central figure is an angel, with strength and beauty in his countenance, suggesting the majesty and authority of the Lord of Hosts, whose messenger he is, placing a wreath of laurel upon the brow of one who rises from the open sepulcher; while from above streams the light of heavenly glory dispelling all traces of earth stains and revealing the spiritual body—the "radiance of eternity." "And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb," come to mind at once. Beneath are the words from Miss Dodge: "We who believe in a happy immortality can trust Him even in the darkest valley, especially when we think of the joy that waits for us beyond." J. G. N.

The City of Spindles

For want of a Judge Emmons in *Teukohury*, a suburb of Lowell, the Fourth of July mania reached a sensational limit. The home of Rev. W. J. Minchin was shot into by loaded cartridges while a group of village hoodlums raised a midnight bedlam around it. The bullets picked up from the floor of the parlor added a grim flavor to the boys' threat of shooting the minister because he had dared to protest against Sunday baseball. Four of these young patriots were brought into the Lowell police court where the case was investigated and fines of twenty-five dollars each were laid upon the culprits. The boys were spared a jail mark and they may permit the minister to rebuke flagrant desecrations in future without avenging it by shooting the minister's house even during the tempting hours of the Night Before the Fourth.

At another suburb, *North Chelmsford*, the church is "doing things" under the inspiring advent of Rev. Dorr A. Hudson. A Christian Endeavor "lawn" party was given in the woods just back of the village where the people were drawn by the music of the local brass band and by the glow of a hundred gauze lanterns that festooned the trees.

The *Chelmsford Center Church* has come to a happy end of its minister-hunt in securing Rev. Albert F. Earnshaw—recently Dr. Fenn's assistant in Portland, Me. Born in England, reared in America, with Princeton College and Union Seminary training and with a year's study at Rome, he is equipped with a cosmopolitan spirit and substantial scholarship. He has already gained the sincere admiration of his people at Chelmsford, where he commenced his new pastorate, July 10.

The newest matter is Rev. Ralph Gillam's announcement that he will return to his field of evangelism in September. Even during his pastorate of two years with *First Church*, he has conducted a score of campaigns for neighboring pastors of several denominations; but the restraints of a settled pastorate can hold him no longer.

Over 150 persons he has received into the *First Church* and has shown a degree of steady shepherding power that is perhaps exceptional among workers of his class, whose chief mission is to secure decisions that are immediate and initial. His calls to his chosen field of evangelism have been multiplying and his power has been in no way diminished by his two years of steady pastorate in a big city church.

E. V. B.



Worcester Vacations

The vacation season brings little slackening of church activities. Able preachers will be in the pulpits and there are always good congregations. Union services, sometimes of two denominations, are increasing in favor.

Drs. Van Horn and Chalmers will summer at North Truro on the Cape. Dr. Frank Crane and Rev. A. W. Hitchcock are in Europe. Dr. Lewis will visit his old home in Wisconsin and the St. Louis Exposition, closing with a stay on the New Jersey coast. He will preach three Sundays in Park Church, St. Paul, and one in the Clinton Avenue Church, Brooklyn. Dr. Scott, after six years of pastoral work, of which the last has been most gratifying of all, will rest at Pemaquid Bay, Me. Rev. I. L. Wilcox goes to Greene, N. Y., and Rev. E. W. Phillips to Nelson, N. H. Rev. J. A. Seibert, recently back from the Holy Land, will stay about Worcester and preach in his own pulpit.

Old South unites with the *First Baptist* in all services. The Congregational preachers are Drs. Van Horn, Plumb and R. A. Beard.

Plymouth and *Union* unite during July and August as usual, the preachers being Dr. Archibald

McCullagh, President Raymond, Dr. H. P. Smith, Rev. W. W. Sleeper, Prof. J. F. Genung, Dr. James Chalmers, Dr. F. L. Robbins, Rev. L. T. Reed, Dr. Charles Wadsworth.

Central will listen to Rev. F. H. Means, Dr. R. A. Hume, the missionary of this church, Dr. B. W. Bacon, Prof. E. C. Moore, Dr. L. L. West, Dr. Eldridge Mix, Dr. E. S. Webster and Professor Genung.

Pilgrim Church preachers are Rev. R. M. Taft, Dr. J. L. Jenkins, Rev. E. H. Byington, Rev. F. I. Kelley, Rev. Tyler Gale, Dr. William Forbush, Rev. C. A. Hawkins.

Supplies at *Piedmont* are Professor Genung, Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, Dr. J. L. Withrow and Rev. Thomas Chalmers.

Hope will be ministered unto by Rev. Messrs. R. M. Taft, W. F. Maylott and Joseph Walther. *Adams Square* will unite with the Baptist church during July and August, each pastor preaching a month.

E. W. P.

Connecticut Valley Items

DEPARTURES

The decision of Rev. Edward A. Robinson to return to his former parish in Hingham after an absence of fifteen years causes general regret, not only in his own town of Buckland, but also among all the churches of the vicinage. In a six-year pastorate he has exerted an influence much wider than his parish limits, and has received such honors as Franklin Conference and other similar bodies could bestow. His return to Hingham is the result of a call declined but urgently repeated, and is a case of not loving Caesar less but Rome more, for he is sure no pastor could ask for a more loving and appreciative people than he has found in Buckland.

Of a different sort was the departure of Rev. Henry A. Dickinson of Huntington, who dropped dead July 14 near his home. On Tuesday he shared with unusual vigor in the discussions of Hampden Association. On Thursday morning he was not, for God took him. A graduate of Yale in 1855 and of Andover in 1863, he held short pastorates in Wellesley and Peru, and longer ones of twelve and six years at Chester Center and Huntington. Ill health deposed him from the active ministry many years ago.

ARRIVALS

Three Hampden churches, after waiting from six months to a year, have found pastors recently, and the clerical ranks are filling again. Rev. Lucien C. Graves of New Vineyard and Rev. Charles S. Wilder of Limington are the contribution of Maine to Granville and East Longmeadow, while Connecticut gives Rev. J. W. Ballantine of Hartford to Huntington. All but four of our forty-seven churches are now supplied.

VACATIONS

August will not be a wide-open month in our Springfield churches, an unusual number being closed: Dr. Goodspeed of *First* is in England for two months, using his last opportunity to leave the parish in charge of the assistant pastor, as the church will revert to the single pastorate Sept. 1. Rev. Howard Mudie preached his last sermons as assistant on July 17, but will serve until September. Dr. I. J. Lansing supplies July 24 and 31, and the church will be closed for repairs in August. Dr. Moxom will take a Western trip, Mr. Kilbon will go to the Berkshires, and Dr. Woodrow, Rev. N. M. Hall and Rev. D. B. Pratt will be at the seashore. *Hope* and *Faith* will maintain services, with various supplies, among them Dr. G. E. Martin and Rev. Orville Reed at *Hope*. A number of the brethren from farther up the river are getting brief bits of inspiration at the Connecticut Valley Chautauqua at Laurel Park, Northampton, which under the veteran leadership of Rev. E. P. Butler of Sunderland has furnished rest, recreation and instruction to an increasing constituency.

LONG.

Have you bettered the poor man's narrow span?
Have you brightened the way he trod?
Perchance when he learns the love of man
He may trust the love of God.

Oklahoma

Consulting State Editor: Rev. C. G. Murphy, Oklahoma City

Senator Quay is gone and Oklahoma remains a territory. Politicians may control our prestige, but Providence, our prosperity. Judging from results, Oklahoma has a better standing with Providence than with politicians. She should not be criticised too severely for this.

Crop prospects are fair. The wheat yield is below the average on account of tardy spring rains, but corn and cotton look well. The enterprise in railroad construction indicates material prosperity. Nearly a thousand miles were completed last year and about the same mileage is under construction this year. Returning after three months' absence from the field one notes many changes. New railroads are in operation, new towns have appeared and men have come and gone.

Religious work has prospered. Each of the leading denominations has increased its force, thoroughly organized and classified its work and is pushing a vigorous campaign. The first of the year the secular press stated that the Christian denomination had a membership of 16,000, the Methodist Episcopal, 13,900, Baptist, 13,000, M. E. South, 9,451, and Presbyterian, 3,100. The statistics gathered for our Year-Book gave us 83 churches with a membership of 2,578. We cannot hope to stand in the first rank numerically, but our influence is greater than the numbers indicate.

KINGFISHER COLLEGE

The local dynamo for denominational progress is the Christian college. It makes Christian heaven and gives prestige and stability to the work. Such is the relation of Kingfisher College to our work here. It has held its ninth Commencement, which closed the best year in its history. Pres. J. T. House preached the baccalaureate sermon and Rev. Walter Spence, a former pastor here, gave the Commencement address. The graduates would be a credit to any college. The number of regular students in the college department is increasing and the prospect is exceptionally good for next year.

The end of the campaign for the \$100,000 endowment fund is in sight. It was a great undertaking. But for the generous proposition of Dr. Pearsons it would not have been thought possible. Even with his generous offer, it has required the utmost energy of the president and has drawn heavily on the resources of friends of the school. A few more friends are needed to secure the endowment.

The trustees have secured valuable additions to the faculty for another year. Prof. J. W. Scroggs, D. D., a graduate of Lafayette College, who has done excellent work in Eureka Academy, Kansas, and Rogers Academy, Arkansas, will have the department of mathematics. The musical department is to be under the management of Prof. A. S. Crossman, who is both bachelor and master of music, a graduate of Mt. Allison, and has studied three years in Boston.

OUR ACADEMIES

The academies are secondary centers for Christian influence. Of these we have four, two in embryo.

The New West Academy at Carrier stands first in age and strength. For three years it has had the efficient services of Prof. W. H. LeBar. These years mark an epoch in its life. The academy idea has taken root in the community, the attendance has been trebled and the finances through the aid of the Education Society, have been put on a safe basis. Professor LeBar closed his service with the year and has returned to Nebraska.

Jennings Academy in the northeast has closed a successful year. The attendance sprang from 18 a year ago to 66 this year. The work has been done without an academy building. The school is erecting one this summer at a cost of about \$3,000. Ten acres near the town have been given, \$1,000 have been pledged by the trustees and \$100 by the students. This school for two years has had the efficient services of Prof. C. A. Greenlees, pastor at Jennings, and his wife.

Hastings Academy in the southwest has held no sessions but expects to have a building ready for school in September. Fifteen acres joining the town have been secured and \$6,000 have been pledged for the work. Dwight Porter, Kingfisher College 1902, and valedictorian of his class, will take charge. The field is important and Mr. Porter is a choice man.

Sparks Academy in the southeast fills the last quarter of the field. It is in a new town where we have just completed a \$1,500 church. The academy is mainly in the minds and hearts of the people. However, the idea is taking form. Fifteen acres overlooking the town have been secured and a foundation for a \$5,000 building is laid. What has been accomplished is due to the untiring energy of Rev. H. L. Saunders, pastor at Sparks.

CHURCHES

The registrar received reports from 74 out of the 83 churches. These gave a membership of 2,578, a net gain of 9 in churches and 57 in membership. The gross gain in churches was 14. The reports of Sunday schools gave a total membership of 4,399, a net gain of 648. Of the new churches organized nine were in towns, two are in places where towns are to come and three in country districts. One of the latter represents our first work among the Germans. The following statistics give a bird's-eye view of the strength of our work: Out of the first 63 churches reporting for the Year-Book, 4 had a membership of over 100; 8 numbered over 50; 18 over 25; 33 under 25. Out of the first 59 Sunday schools reporting for the Year-Book, 8 had a membership of over 100; 29 enrolled over 50; 20 over 25; 2 under 25. These figures reveal the large number of small churches and the opportunity for growth through the Sunday schools.

THE CRISIS IN HOME MISSIONS

The cut of \$2,200 from the home missionary appropriation is a hard blow to our work. The weaker churches require good men and continuous pastorate. Not simply their prosperity, but their life depends on such service. Superintendent Parker, in conjunction with the home missionary committee, is still unable to distribute this reduction without serious loss. We have scarcely a church but would develop rapidly with a good man continuously in charge. This is being demonstrated by faithful pastors who abide. We also have few churches able to stand for any time without a pastor. Especially is this true of the weak ones. The opportunity is great. The future of the work depends on our ability to supply continuously the churches we have with good men. A good pastor and prosperity are synonyms here.

CHANGES

During the past few months an unusual number of good pastors have come to us. Whether it has been like the overflow of the Nile or the spilling of Egypt the result has been the same—we are richer for their coming. The large number from

Iowa has led to the formation of an Iowa Band. These pastors are recent accessions from that state: Rev. Messrs. D. D. McSkimming, Enid; O. M. Humphreys, Waynoka; S. H. Seecombe, Wetherford; and J. T. Steele, Perkins. Mr. Steele came via Louisiana. Michigan contributes Rev. Messrs. W. H. Hurlbut, El Reno; and E. J. Burgess, Hennessey. Rev. H. J. McClements from Illinois takes the work at Hobart, and Rev. O. B. Loud from Massachusetts begins work at Lawton.

The transfer of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Childs from Seward to Coldwater and Pleasant View churches ends a pastorate of seven years, the longest in Oklahoma. They not only have practically made the church at Seward, leaving it a good church building and parsonage, but have ministered to a large rural field, saving the life of several country churches. Oklahoma is glad to keep them. Rev. W. L. Upshaw has closed his work at Hobart, where he organized and built the church. He will live on his farm near Hobart and supply at Komalty and Ft. Cobb. Rev. C. E. Drew has recently resigned the Harmony-Bethel field and returns to Iowa. Though here but a short time Uncle Sam gave him a fine quarter section, and Providence graced his home with twins. If gratitude will bring him back he will come, and we want him.

BUILDINGS

Hydro has recently completed a church and parsonage combined, and Sparks a \$1,500 house of worship. Three academies are building, and our architect preacher, Rev. A. J. Smith, is kept busy looking after their interests. The church building at Agra is nearly completed, and the church at Chickasha has broken ground for a parsonage and will soon let the contract for a church building.

Pilgrim Church of Oklahoma City is ready to rebuild. The \$12,000 edifice when complete will give a property valuation of about \$18,000. This is the first church of our order here which has outgrown its home. Both Sunday school and preaching service demand larger quarters. Other denominations of the city are rebuilding. Presbyterians have rebuilt at a cost of \$18,000 and Christians at a cost of \$22,000. Episcopalians and Methodist Episcopalians are each completing \$20,000 and \$44,000 buildings, respectively. Our growth is in keeping with others, and the time has come when we must rebuild. Rev. T. H. Harper, who has been with the church five years, is earnestly and ably leading in this enterprise. He was elected to represent Oklahoma at Des Moines in the National Council.

Three lines of work are before us: strengthening what we have; entering new towns; following new settlements with the gospel. These should receive emphasis in the order named.

PERSONAL

Rev. L. B. Parker is opening work in Muskogee, I. T. He will soon move his family from Chickasha to Sulphur Springs.

Superintendent Parker has just returned from a trip in Kansas.

Rev. J. J. Dalton, pastor of Harrison Avenue Church, Oklahoma City, will spend part of his vacation in Ohio. He will close his service with the church Sept. 1.

Rev. C. F. Sheldon is in Chicago, in the interests of Northwestern Academy at Carrier.

Hon. W. H. Campbell, who represents the C. C. B. S. in Oklahoma, spent several days recently investigating its interests in the northwest part of the territory.

C. G. M.

<p>Calls Ordinations Installations Resignations Dismissions Personals</p>	<p>Church and Ministerial Record</p> <p><i>(Brief items suitable for these columns are solicited from pastors, church clerks and others. Names should be signed, but not for publication)</i></p>	<p>Organizations Dedications Anniversaries Spiritual Activity Material Gain Ways of Working</p>
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Calls

ASKIN, JOHN, Tabor, Io., accepted call to Pierre, S. D., not to Bismarck, N. D., as recently reported.
BALLANTINE, JOHN W., Hartford, Ct., to Huntington, Mass. Accepts.
BARROW, EDW. F., Zion Ch., Haverhill, Mass., to Zion Chapel, Amherst. Accepts.
BLAKELY, DAN'L W., Bellevue, Io., to Postville. Accepts.
BUTLER, GEO. M., New Bedford, Mass., to Mystic Ch., Medford. Accepts.

DASEY, JONA. C., West Guthrie, Okl., to Goltry. Accepts, and is at work.
EKINS, GROVE F., Mianus Ch., Greenwich, Ct., accepts call to Second Ch., Millbury, Mass., to begin work in October.
ELLIOT, WM. A., Peoria, Ill., to Rock Falls. Accepts.
GOODWIN, SAM H., to remain a seventh year at Provo, Utah. Accepts, continuing also his principalship of Proctor Academy and superintendency of the Education Society's work in Utah.

HILL, GEO., Richfield O., to Bellaire, Mich. Accepts.
MCALLISTER, FRANK B., Bedford, Mass., accepts call to Second Ch., Cohasset, to begin Aug. 14.
MOULTON, WARREN J., New Haven, Ct., to Athol, Mass.
STONE, DWIGHT C., Chester, Ct., to Warren.
WILLIAMS, S., after five years in England, to Niagara and Adler, N. D. Accepts.
YOUNG, ARTHUR G., Mayville, N. D., to Wyndmere and Dexter.

Church and Ministerial Record

Ordinations and Installations

STANLEY, CHAS. A., Jr., Oberlin Sem., o. First Ch., Keene, N. H., — Sermon, Prof. M. W. Jacobus; other parts, Rev. Messrs. C. F. Roper, G. H. French, W. A. Hadley, W. E. Locke and E. F. Drew.

WARREN, BERTRAM A., Chicago Sem., o. Winnebago, Ill. July 1. Sermon, Rev. H. W. Gates; other parts, Rev. Messrs. Charles Parsons, E. L. Benson, P. M. Snyder, R. J. Locke.

Resignations

BASCOM, GEO. S., Sykeston, N. D.

CHAMPLIN, OLIVER P., Fertile, Minn.

HILL, GEO., Richfield, O.

LIVINGSTON, STEPHEN T., associate professor of English, Hartford Sem., to enter pastorate.

MCALLISTER, FRANK B., Bedford, Mass., after five years' service.

SARGENT, BENJ. F., North Berkeley, Cal., after five years' service.

STACKMAN, CARL, Second Ch., Cornwall, Ct., to take effect Sept. 1.

STRANG, CLEMENT J., Shertard, Ill.

STRONG, CHAS. B., Harwinton, Ct.

WEBB, HENRY W., Hannibal, Mo.

Summer Supplies

MACDONALD, J. J., Union Sem., at Woods Memorial Ch., New York, N. Y.

Dismissals

HAYNES, CHAS. S., Peterboro, N. H., July 11.

Personals

BERLE, ADOLPH A., recently of Union Park Ch., Chicago, is spending a few weeks in England, chiefly at Oxford. In addition to the dozen graduation addresses delivered this spring he has nearly completed a volume on The Education of a Child, which is to appear this fall.

GEROULD, DR. SAM'L L., eighteen years pastor at Hollis, N. H., on his recent seventieth birthday was tendered by his people a public reception at the town hall, when he was presented with 70 pinks, \$70 in gold, and congratulatory addresses expressing the hope that he might spend his life there. His cheery helpmeet received her well-deserved share of appreciation.

GILLAM, RALPH, having completed two years as evangelistic pastor of First Ch., Lowell, Mass., expects to resume work as a traveling evangelist next September, in response to a number of appeals for his services.

STORY, Prof. E. B., recently retired after twenty-three years' service as choirmaster and organist of Edwards Church, Northampton, Mass. Its completion was fitly celebrated by a service illustrating the Development of American Church Music in Song and Story. The story was written by the choirmaster, read by the pastor and illustrated with anthems sung by choir and congregation.

ZELLARS, EDWIN G., and wife, Paxton, Ill., are spending the summer in Europe.

American Board Personals

ARRIVALS

HAGER, Mr. and Mrs. CHAS. R., at San Francisco, May 27, from Hongkong, South China.

HARTINGS, Rev. and Mrs. RICHARD C., of Jaffna, Ceylon, at Boston, July 9.

PATTERSON, Miss FRANCES B., at New York, May 3, from Tientsin, North China.

PORTER, Miss MARY H., at Victoria, B. C., June —, from Peking.

WILDER, Rev. GEO. D., at San Francisco, May 27, from Peking, North China.

DEPARTURES

BALLANTINE, Rev. WM. O., M. D., from Boston, July 5, returning to the Marathi Mission, India.

CLARK, Rev. and Mrs. ALDEN H., from New York, July 16, to take up work in the Marathi Mission, India.

FOWLE, Mrs. JAS. L., from New York, July 21, to join her husband at their old station, Cesarea, Turkey.

NEIPP, Rev. and Mrs. HENRY A., from New York, July 7, en route to West Central Africa, newly appointed.

RIGGS, Rev. and Mrs. HENRY H., from New York, July 23, for Harpoot, Eastern Turkey Mission.

Bequests and Other Gifts

AMESBURY, MASS.—By will of Abby R. Webster, to Baldwin Place Home, Boston, Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, A. M. A., and Amesbury Y. M. C. A., \$500 each; to C. H. M. S., Amesbury and Salisbury Home for Aged Women, Main St. Cong. Ch. and Union Evangelical Ch. of Amesbury, \$1,000 each.

MONTREAL, P. Q.—Mr. G. B. Burland has supplemented his gifts of \$10,000 for Canadian church debts; and \$5,000 for Emmanuel Ch., Montreal; with \$1,000 to Western Ch., Toronto; and \$1,000 to First Ch., London.

Continued on page 135.

Meetings and Events to Come

CONGREGATIONAL DAY, WORLD'S FAIR, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 21.

National Council, Des Moines, Io., Oct. 13-20.

SOUTHEAST GEORGIA DISTRICT ASSOCIATION, Smiley, Ga., Oct. 6.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF NORFOLK AND PILGRIM BRANCHES W. B. M., Hanover, Mass., July 26, 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

Marriages

MILLS-PARK—In Boston, Park Street Church, by Rev. John Withrow, D. D., Dr. William Hough Mills of Syracuse, N. Y., and Frances E. Park of Boston.

Deaths

BARNES—In North Andover, Mass., July 7, Elizabeth Sessions Carpenter Barnes, aged 72, wife of Rev. W. E. Barnes, D. D.

LINDSAY—In Pittsfield, Mass., July 12, Mrs. S. E. Lindsay, wife of the late Capt. Samuel Lindsay of Wells, Me. She was a devoted Christian who will be greatly lamented by those who knew her best.

DICKINSON—In Huntington, Mass., July 14, Rev. Henry A. Dickinson, aged 71.

JULIA KING PARSONS

In the death of Julia King Parsons every good cause loses a powerful advocate. Her remarkable ability was recognized in many fields, and her activities were many and varied. Boston knows her well through her work as a dramatic reader of real greatness, also through her services on the board of the Institution for the Adult Blind, in the Woman's Industrial and Educational Union, the Seashore Institute Home and the Sharon Home for Boys. Aside from her active help in philanthropic movements, she rendered invaluable service to the cause of higher education through her inspiring work as a teacher in the Emerson College of Oratory for ten years.

Her rare dramatic gifts, her brilliant intellect, her gracious womanhood, made her the recipient of many honors. In 1900, she was chosen and represented America at the Paris Exposition, as lecturer on physical culture. For two successive years she appeared as a speaker in Washington, D. C., before the National Congress of Mothers.

Since her marriage to Mr. C. C. Parsons of Brookline, she has devoted her life to charitable work, and her favorite saying was, "The only way to be happy is to make others happy," and this she carried out in her everyday life, and was honored, beloved and respected by all who knew her.

Liver and Kidneys

It is highly important that these organs should properly perform their functions.

When they don't, what lameness of the side and back, what yellowness of the skin, what constipation, bad taste in the mouth, sick headache, pimples and blotches, and loss of courage, tell the story.

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YOUNG MEN and BOYS

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Opened, it is large enough for a center table; closed, it is small enough for a wall shelf. There are handles in the side frame to carry it readily to any part of the house. It is capitally arranged for serving a tea or light lunch. It makes an ideal study or game table. There is a center shelf and excellent chair space in the underframing.

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For Endeavorers

PRAYER MEETING

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, July 31—Aug. 6. An Evening with Burmah and Siam. Isa. 35: 1-10.

A relatively unfamiliar field like Burmah and Siam needs to be studied first of all from the point of view of geography; so get out the maps and see in what part of the world these two countries are, and if you are fortunate enough to have access to Dr. Beach's excellent Atlas of Protestant Missions you will be able to locate the principal stations in these far-away lands in the southeastern part of Asia. The little red marks by which he designates the cities and towns occupied by Protestant missions are not frequent, but they show that a good beginning has been made and statistics tell of more than 40,000 converts in Burmah besides over 90,000 adherents. These represent the fruitage of the work of eleven societies, American and foreign. In Siam nine societies are at work, and connected with them are about 5,000 communicants with nearly 3,000 adherents.

While the American Board deemed it wise to abandon its Siamese Mission in 1849, the Presbyterian Board building on its foundations has now a flourishing mission, while in Burmah American Baptists have registered a notable success. The spiritual outcome of their labors, especially among the Karens, a peasant class, is one of the most phenomenal results of missionary work anywhere in the world. Great revivals have from time to time taken place with large gatherings.

These countries constitute a stronghold of Buddhism and this, together with the natural inertia of a people living in tropical climes, makes missionary endeavor difficult, but by no means impossible, as the number of earnest and loyal converts show; while more than in many countries the missionary influence seems to be felt in circles where there is no outward alliance with the Christian religion and no evidence of a personal acceptance of Christ. The friendliness of the king of Siam who in

his youth was tutored by a Protestant missionary, benefits the missionary propaganda in many ways. He has given missionaries important positions in educational institutions and the government does not hesitate to subsidize, as in India, the schools and industries maintained by the missions. When the king in 1894 celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the United States sent him an address of congratulation and in reply his minister of affairs spoke these significant words: "His majesty felt much pleased and gratified to see that the feelings of good will which have always animated his government toward the work carried on in Siam by Presbyterian missionaries were appreciated by the Board, and expressed the hope that the mutual trust and confidence which have been the distinguishing mark in the past, would be as successfully preserved in the relations of the future."

Authorities: Geography and Atlas of Missions, H. P. Beach, D.D.; Presbyterian Foreign Missions, Robert E. Speer; Concise History of Foreign Missions, E. M. Bliss.

Some of Dr. Hykes's Stories

In view of the fact that Dr. John R. Hykes of the American Bible Society has been making addresses in American churches with regard to his work in China for the last twenty years, a few of his stories are apropos.

At the time of my interpreting for Li Hung Chang and the United States ambassador, when the world was in great anxiety over the situation in Peking, old Li gave us grudgingly information about the United States ambassadors. I asked him about the missionaries and citizens in Peking. "O," he said, with a sort of snarl and grunt, "they are not in the reckoning; they don't count." "But," I said, "America thinks they count and will demand the price of every life." "Ugh," he said, with a sardonic grin, "you are looking at it from the American standpoint; I am looking at it from the Chinese."

When at Dalny last summer I was impressed with the elaborate and permanent improvements made by the Russians, even in the face of her promise not to make it more than a temporary defense. I wrote twelve letters to my wife while there. In one of them I mentioned the deepening of the harbor, the stone forts and barracks, the fine streets laid out, etc.; I gave her a little information as to the surroundings. She received the other letters in which nothing was said about Russia. She did not receive the letter telling about the Russian designs.

Bishop Cranston at a Methodist Conference recently said: "When I was in China I was in very close touch with a man who was always ready for an emergency; constantly in his work throughout China he was beset by mobs, his life often in danger. He was always able by shrewdness and presence of mind to avoid anything serious. On one occasion, when a mob was threatening his life, making it all but impossible for him to escape, he said to them: 'I am about to take myself apart. First, I will take out my teeth.' He took his teeth out, and the mob disappeared. Another mob gathered not far away. Taking the teeth out again, they withdrew to a respectful distance, and putting both hands to his head, he said, 'If you do not clear out, I will unscrew my head.' That man is about to address you." To this Dr. Hykes adds: "The good bishop did not tell the whole story. After the mob had dispersed, I was approached by a Chinese juggler who told me he would give me anything I asked if I would show him how he could take out his teeth and unscrew his head."

SICK DOCTOR

Proper Food Put Him Right.

The food experience of a physician in his own case when worn and weak from sickness and when needing nourishment the worst way is valuable:

"An attack of grip so severe it came near making an end of me left my stomach in such condition I could not retain any ordinary food. I knew of course that I must have food nourishment or I could never recover.

"I began to take four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and for two weeks this was almost my only food; it tasted so delicious that I enjoyed it immensely and my stomach handled it perfectly from the first mouthful. It was so nourishing I was quickly built back to normal health and strength.

"At the present time I am preparing a paper for two medical journals in which I mention my own case and speak particularly of Grape-Nuts' great value as food to sustain life during serious attacks in which the stomach is so deranged it cannot digest and assimilate other foods.


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The Japanese Soldier Who Wanted to be Prayed for

A correspondent of *The Friend*, in Tokyo, tells the following incident to show how fertile the soil in Japan is now for spiritual seed planted by Christian missionaries and workers. As a representative of the Red Cross Society she went to the railway station at Okayama to wait upon officers and men en route for the war. She fell into conversation with a major in the army. He suddenly said to her, "Do you pray to God?" "Yes, I pray to him every day." "Will you pray for us?" "I do pray for you every day. I belong to a band of mothers, and we agreed every morning upon waking to think of the army and pray for you." Then she added, "Are you a Christian?" "No; I'm not a Christian or a Buddhist; I have no time to think of religion." "But you are willing to be prayed for?" "Yes!" Afterwards she passed on to the platform to see the troops off, and a soldier beckoned to her. She hesitated to go forward, as there were many people there, and it seemed conspicuous. Then he leaned out of the window and said, "Please come!" and she went. He asked for the little Japanese flag she wore. She told him it would be only a bother to him, and that he couldn't really want it. He urged her to let him have it, and she asked, "Why do you want it?" His answer was, "I have overheard your conversation with the officer, and I feel that if I have this little flag to look at I may realize that you are praying for us."

A BACK LICK

Settled the Case With Her

Many great discoveries have been made by accident and things better than gold mines have been found in this way, for example when even the accidental discovery that coffee is the real cause of one's sickness proves of most tremendous value because it locates the cause and the person has then a chance to get well.

"For over 25 years," says a Missouri woman, "I suffered untold agonies in my stomach and even the best physicians disagreed as to the cause without giving me any permanent help, different ones saying it was gastritis, indigestion, neuralgia, etc., so I dragged along from year to year, always half sick, until finally I gave up all hopes of ever being well again.

"When taking dinner with a friend one day she said she had a new drink which turned out to be Postum and I liked it so well I told her I thought I would stop coffee for awhile and use it, which I did.

"So for three months we had Postum in place of coffee without ever having one of my old spells but was always healthy and vigorous instead.

"Husband kept saying he was convinced it was coffee that caused those spells, but even then I wouldn't believe it until one day we got out of Postum and as we lived two miles from town I thought to use the coffee we had in the house.

"The result of a week's use of coffee again was that I had another terrible spell of agony and distress proving that it was the coffee and nothing else. That settled it and I said goodbye to coffee forever and since then Postum alone has been our hot mealtime drink.

"My friends all say I am looking worlds better and my complexion is much improved. All the other members of our family have been benefited, too, by Postum in place of the old drink, coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee or tea is the wise thing for every coffee drinker. Such a trial tells the exact truth often where coffee is not suspected.

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The Daily Portion

THE HANDBOOK BIBLE READINGS

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

July 24, Sunday. *The Gleaning*.—Ruth 2: 17-24.

It was an unusual gleaning, but Naomi, naturally curious to learn who had favored Ruth, considerably held back her questions until Ruth had eaten and rested. Was it not this thoughtful love which had held Ruth's affection? The kindness of Boaz was equally considerate and extended to the whole harvest season. Remember in thinking of Naomi's plans the Hebrew pride of family. Naomi's grief was sharpened by the thought that her husband's house had ceased to exist in Israel. Ours is an Esauite age in which many sell their birthright of parenthood for mere personal comfort.

July 25. *Claiming Kinsman's Right*.—Ruth 3: 1-18.

The answer of Boaz seems to suggest that there were younger kinsmen to whom Ruth might have appealed. Note the margin, "for thou art one who hath a right to redeem." Note also the solemn affirmation, "as Jehovah liveth," and the parting gift—not gold or jewels, but food.

July 26. *The Court at the Gate*.—Ruth 4: 1-6.

This council at the gate is Oriental usage still. Compare Job's account of his work [Job 29: 7-25]. Here is business law in its essence—a formal transaction before witnesses. Criminal cases came up in the same way before the elders sitting as judges [v. 11].

July 27. *The Birth of Obed*.—Ruth 4: 7-23.

Though the inheritance of Elimelech is renewed in Ruth's son, the genealogy is reckoned through Boaz. Hebrew name lists of descent do not always mean immediate blood relationship. Houses were kept alive by adoption, or legal fiction, as they are in Japan and China today. Note again the pride of race and joy of motherhood so characteristic of a people with a great history and a great hope. Jacob's desire for the birthright had become incarnate in his race.

July 28. *The Choosing of Deacons*.—Acts 6: 1-7.

There is the cheerful note of growth in this chapter. It is well for a church when its pains are growing pains. Compare the advice of Jethro in the wilderness and the act of Moses in appointing judges [Ex. 18: 13-26]. The greatest minister cannot do a worse thing for his people than to try to do all himself. Our Lord himself devoted a large part of his time to the training of his disciples. We know nothing to connect Stephen by personal acquaintance with Jesus. There were many priests—we must not think that all priests were of the type of Caiaphas.

July 29. *The Arrest of Stephen*.—Acts. 6: 8-15.

The names of these synagogues confirm the notion that Stephen was a Grecian Jew. The Libertines were probably freedmen, representatives of Jews who had been enslaved in Rome. Stephen had fulfilled to him the word of Christ, "The disciple is not above his lord." They condemned him also by subornation of perjury. Stephen's wisdom was of the Holy Spirit, he did not so much possess a religion as his religion possessed him, so that his face shone with the glory of it.

July 30. *Stephen's Testimony*.—Acts. 7: 1-18.

Abraham and Joseph are emphasized, and behind the experience of each God's plan. There were no accidents in the history of the witnessing people. Note that Abraham was called out and held back from the civilization of his times in order that his children might make a fresh start when that civilization was to be destroyed. God raises up his own leaders, he may be generations in preparing a man.



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The hotel is under the personal management of Mr. E. M. Statler, the well-known caterer of Buffalo, and this is of itself a guarantee that the cuisine and service will be of the very highest order. The enormous capacity of The Inside Inn assures good accommodations for all—no matter when or in what numbers they come—but those who prefer to secure their rooms in advance can make reservations now for any period during the life of the fair.

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Church and Ministerial Record

(Continued from page 132.)

PEABODY, MASS.—By will of Sylvester Needham, \$200 to the Congregational Sunday school.

ROXBURY, MASS.—By will of Priscilla N. Livermore: Northfield Seminary, \$4,000 for the Mrs. Livermore scholarship; Whitman College, \$2,000; Pleasant Hill Academy, Tennessee, \$3,000; the auxiliaries of the Woman's Home and the Women's Foreign Missionary Societies of Immanuel Church, Roxbury, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the Congregational Board of Ministerial Aid of Massachusetts, each \$500. The residue of the \$30,000 estate, after payment of personal bequests, to be divided equally between the town of North Brookfield for maintaining a high school library to be named after her, Whitman College and Pleasant Hill Academy.

SWAMPSCOTT, MASS., Rev. G. H. Johnson. Solid silver collection plates, by Joshua Armstrong Story, Hetty Burnham Story, Mary Story Bucher in memory of Mrs. Susan K. Story.

June Receipts of the A. B. C. F. M.

1903	1904
\$41,552.58	\$44,154.23
10 mos. 1903	10 mos. 1904
\$524,355.14	\$510,547.32
Decrease for ten months, \$13,807.82	

Debts Raised

CLEVELAND, O., Euclid Ave., Dr. C. W. Hiatt. In twenty minutes, at a communion service, on June 26, \$7,575 raised to complete the balance of \$35,000 due on church debt. Many children joined in the offering. The church has raised \$150,000 in three years, \$50,000 since May 1. Much credit is due the finance committee, Mr. E. H. Baker, chairman.

Material Gain

CANDOR, N. Y., Rev. F. L. Bristol. Memorial windows in auditorium. Addition to chapel, providing children's playroom, kitchen and dining room.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Tabernacle, Rev. W. W. Bolt. New Hook and Hastings tubular-pneumatic pipe organ installed, opened to the public with recital by Wm. Middleschulte of Chicago and dedicated June 26. Church to be closed during August for roofing and other repairs.

YANKTON, S. D., First, Rev. B. G. Mattson. Corner stone of new house of worship laid June 26, with addresses by Pres. H. K. Warren, Supt. W. H. Thrall, D. D., and the pastor.

Suggestive Features or Methods

HARTFORD, CT., Asylum Hill, Rev. J. H. Twichell. Teachers' Club maintained more than ten years. At least six meetings are held between Oct. 1 and July 1. Since 1902 an annual series of six public lectures on Biblical questions has been given, for which course tickets at \$1 are sold to outsiders. The club is self-supporting. It has issued an interesting leaflet, giving subjects discussed or lectured upon during the decade. Prof. Waldo S. Pratt has been president through the entire period.

LYNN, MASS., First, Rev. G. W. Owen. Recognition service for baptized children held Children's Day, during which parents and children rise. Afterward consecration cards bearing the names of the children are distributed, to be signed by the parents.

MONTICELLO, IO.—Rev. M. A. Breed, on invitation of the Catholics, delivered the Fourth-of-July oration at the Fair Grounds. The Methodist pastor sat on the platform and the priest pronounced the benediction. This was the first instance of the kind in that place.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Rev. W. B. Allis. Castle Mohawk of the Knights of King Arthur recently organized, with the pastor as Merlin.

TALLMAN, N. Y., Rev. E. F. Blanchard. July 3 was observed as Patriotic Sunday, with address by Senator A. S. Tompkins of Nyack. An orchestra, composed of young men of the church and organized by the pastor, made its first appearance at a Sunday service.

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It will serve the interest of all concerned if, in correspondence suggested by announcements in our ADVERTISING COLUMNS, mention is made of the fact that the advertisement was seen in *The Congregationalist*.

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The Original "Plymouth Collection"	published in 1855, contains 1,374 hymns.
Songs for the Sanctuary	published in 1865, contains 1,342 hymns.
Laudes Domini	published in 1884, contains 1,167 hymns.
The Hymnal for Congregational (and Presbyterian) Churches, . . .	published in 1895, contains 724 hymns.
In Excelsis	published in 1897, contains 900 hymns.
The Pilgrim Hymnal	published in 1904, contains 547 hymns.

The sifting process has simply been carried a little further in The Pilgrim Hymnal than in its predecessors.

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"I think there can be no reasonable objection brought against it on ground of price. I am delighted with the literary and theological character of the hymns. Also with the printing; it is ideal. It ought to be a popular book."—Rev. S. W. MEEK, Yorkville, Ill.

"You have given us a book to be studied and loved. The literary work is simply ideal—also the typography. I shall make the study of it a regular part of my midweek service until our people are familiar with it. It is a great book—far and away the best in existence."—Rev. C. H. BEALE, Grand Avenue Congregational Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

"It is a very neat, splendid book."—Rev. T. A. HUMPHREYS, Scranton, Pa.

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The Pilgrim Press

New York

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